

# THE ANGLO

# AMERICAN.

A. D. PATERSON,

EDITOR.

E. L. GARVIN & Co.

PUBLISHERS.

FOUR DOLLARS A YEAR

"AUDI ALTERAM PARTEM."

PAYABLE IN ADVANCE.

OFFICE: 4 Barclay-St.  
Astor Building

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JULY 11, 1846.

Vol. 7. No. 12.

## THE GRAVE IN THE CITY.

BY T. WESTWOOD.

Not there, not there !  
Not in that nook that ye deem so fair ;—  
Little reck I of the blue bright sky,  
And the stream that floweth so murmuringly,  
And the bending boughs, and the breezy air—  
Not there, good friends, not there !

In the City Churchyard, where the grass  
Groweth rank and black, and where never a ray  
Of that self-same sun doth find its way  
Through the heaped-up houses' serried mass—  
Where the only sounds are the voice of the throng,  
And the clatter of wheels as they rush along—  
Or the plash of the rain, or the wind's hoarse cry,  
Or the busy tramp of the passer-by,  
Or the toll of the bell on the heavy air—  
Good friends, let it be there !

I am old, my friends,—I am very old—  
Fourscore and five,—and bitter cold  
Were that air on the hill-side far away ;  
Eighty full years, content I trow,  
Have I lived in the home where ye see me now,  
And trod those dark streets day by day,  
Till my soul doth love them ;—I love them all,  
Each battered pavement, and blackened wall,  
Each court and corner. Good sooth ! to me  
They are all comely and fair to see—  
They have old faces—each one doth tell  
A tale of its own, that doth like me well,—  
Sad or merry, as it may be,  
From the quaint old book of my history.  
And, friends, when this weary pain is past,  
Fain would I lay me to rest at last  
In their very midst :—full sure am I,  
How dark soever be earth and sky,  
I shall sleep softly—I shall know  
That the things I loved so here below  
Are about me still—so never care  
That my last home looketh all bleak and bare—  
Good friends, let it be there !

## SONNET.

While yet I gazed she woke ! Not suddenly,  
But slowly coming back to life, as Venus might  
Have risen from the foaming of the sparkling sea,  
And shaken from her hair the wave-drops bright ;  
And then, as slowly, she unclosed her eyes,—  
Eyes, like unto the deepest hue  
Of Adriatic's waters blue,  
And not the pale carulean of the skies.  
And what an ocean is a woman's eye,  
With bright thoughts ever floating through  
Its deepest depths of bluest blue,  
While lurking at the bottom, Love doth lie !  
And yet those deep blue waters are so bright, so clear,  
That you can view yourself reflected there !

## BUENOS AYRES AND MONTE VIDEO.

*Twenty-four Years in the Argentine Republic, embracing the Author's Personal Adventures, &c. &c.* By Col. J. Anthony King, an Officer in the service of the Republic. 8vo, pp. 442. London. Longmans.

Who loves to read of sieges, battles, wounds, cruelties, imprisonments, persecutions, escapes, executions, murders, and massacres ; of revolutions and of governments established and overturned ; and of the manners of strange people, lending a farther variety to the narrative ; here he will find them all almost as thickly sown as there are pages in the volume. The hero and relater thereof is a native of New York, from which, in 1817, he ran off when a boy of fourteen years of age, and after a few rather stern and instructive adventures in the endeavour to procure a livelihood, entered the service of the Argentine Republic, and fought his way through the bloody struggles of these South American provinces (the Argentine, Banda Oriental, Bolivia, Uruguay, &c. &c.) to the rank affixed to his name in the title-page. Before advertising to any of the earlier notices, it may be expedient to observe something generally of the country and its divisions, respecting which the English public are wonderfully uninformed, not to say ignorant. Our readers will remember during the last two years several letters from Buenos Ayres, in which the monstrous atrocities of the Dictator Rosas are described, at the imminent risk to their writer ;—these, and much worse and greater crimes, are detailed in the work before us, and every syllable penned by our correspondent fully confirmed. Still, politically speaking, and from information of our own, we are not sure that the recent conjoined naval operations of England and France, combined against the tyrant, were politically wise or expedient ; but the national authorities and forces on the spot having rushed into interference and hostilities, we presume their governments at home must make the best of the circumstances in which this outbreak has placed them, and Lord Aberdeen and Guizot have, no doubt, be-

fore now adopted such measures as statesmanship and the interests of their respective countries require, to put matters on a right footing for the future. But to our author and his general statements.

"A glance at the map of those countries will shew to the reader the importance of the possession of the Banda Oriental to Rosas. The entire territory of that country covers an area not so large as the single province of Buenos Ayres. It is bounded for several hundred miles on the north by a province of the Argentine called Misiones, and for a like distance on the west by the province of Entre Rios, from which it is divided by the River Uruguay. It commands the whole of the Rio de la Plata opposite Buenos Ayres, and is bounded by that river on its southern line, while the Atlantic Ocean forms its boundary on the east, thus giving it advantages for commerce superior to Buenos Ayres itself. By the union of this country with the Argentine, Rosas would hold possession of both sides of the Plata, besides securing a piece of territory more valuable than any now in the republic. He would also break down the commercial competition now existing between the two countries, and enlarge the area of his power. A union with the Argentine or any other government under a liberal constitution would undoubtedly be acceptable to the people of the Banda Oriental ; but while Rosas holds power it can never be attached to the Argentine except by force ; and it is to be hoped, for the cause of humanity, that the English and French governments will not cease their interference until the country is made secure from his persecution.

"As an illustration of the estimation in which the Dictator was held, even by those who were guests in his own house, I will state a little incident that became notorious after its occurrence. A foreign gentleman of literary attainments and distinction, who had for some time witnessed the artful and despotic course of Rosas, was one day at the house of the latter, who requested that he would furnish a motto for his coat of arms. The gentleman hesitated a moment, and then replied with firmness : ' Senor, as you desire that I should give you an appropriate motto, I will recommend these words : *'Ne palabra mal, ne obra buena.'* (I speak nothing bad, I do nothing good,) or in plain English, 'I have a smooth tongue, but it is deceitful.' The indignation as well as the astonishment of Rosas was naturally excited on the instant, and with a voice almost choked with rage, he on the spot ordered the gentleman to quit the country within twenty-four hours. The statements presented in this work may perhaps appear to the general reader mysterious and incomprehensible. I know it will be difficult for him to realise these atrocities ; yet I have not only told nothing but the truth, but what has been told affords only a clue to the actual horrors committed. I have, as a general feature, confined my statements to occurrences that fell under my own knowledge, and of these I have recorded but few. Hence the facts that I have given serve only as examples in the terrible account. In a pamphlet published by Don Jose Rivera Indarte, at Monte Video, in the year 1843, a table is given containing the names of the principal victims of Rosas's policy, together with the manner of their several deaths, and to that table is appended the following summary of persons who died for opinion's sake alone, viz. :

Poisoned	4
Throats cut	3765
Shot	1393
Assassinated	722
Total	5884

Add to this the number killed in battle, and executed by military orders, at a very moderate computation 16,520, and we have by this statement a grand total of 22,404 victims to the sanguinary propensities of this man Rosas, who still lives and governs a portion of the American continent, and with whom the civilised nations of the earth are on terms of friendship ! We may well exclaim,

'Can such things be,  
And overcome us like a summer cloud,  
Without our special wonder !'

We may well look, too, for incredulity on the part of those who, living under the blessings of good government, have never dreamed that such things can be. If, however, they will not believe the statements already given from the pamphlet of Senor Indarte, how can another expect credence when he declares that statement to be entirely within the limits of a just computation ? The author of that pamphlet seems not to have been familiar with the scenes of the interior ; he has not taken into account the expedition of Quiroga through the interior provinces, who murdered as he went, and who, in the province of Tucuman alone, shot fifteen hundred prisoners. He has not taken into account the massacre of about two hundred and fifty men while sleeping near the Tablada at Cordova, nor the execution of about one hundred and forty prisoners immediately after the battle ; nor has he recorded the train of murders that marked the steps of Oribe through the upper provinces ; yet all these are but the results of the singular and bloody policy of that one man ; they are a part and parcel of the great account which he must give before a tribunal whose judgment cannot err. Rosas is a man of most acute and subtle perceptions. He seems to understand the weakness of man's nature, and has made it his study to play upon that weakness, in whatever form it might present itself. In his intercourse with the representatives of foreign powers, he has contrived to persuade them that his course is justifiable, or if he has convinced them to the effect, he has so managed as to prevent their interference with the affairs of internal policy. He tells them that the people are not fitted for self-government ; that nothing but the bloody and iron rule can sway them ; and when they witness his assaults upon what he calls conspiracies against the government, and the carnage that follows his footsteps, they are led away upon a false scent, and (to place a generous construc-

tion upon their acts) believe what he says. Now this is occupying a false position from the beginning. In the first place, the people are fitted for self-government, but through the acts of Rosas and his minions, and of the few ambitious demagogues of the country, their confidence has been so shaken in their rulers, that perhaps nothing but a revolution by force of arms, and a long season of experience of good government, can so far re-establish public confidence as to make them feel perfectly at ease. The policy of the present governor of Buenos Ayres has put a spoke in the wheel of civilisation; the people's minds have become poisoned, and the antidote, however well calculated to effect a cure, must be slow and steady in its application. In the second place, the strong hand has been put forth, not for the purpose of keeping the people to their allegiance, but to secure power for a man who has forfeited their confidence; for although the fundamental organisation of the government was wrong, placing as it did a Dictator instead of a popular president at the head of the confederacy, even that would have been tolerated had he not assumed powers not delegated to him, and abused those that were legally placed in his hands. It was against this that the people raised their voice, and it has been to sustain this that Rosas has applied the 'iron and the bloody rule.'

Such is the picture drawn by Col. King; and we have only to remember that Rosas, with Oribe and Admiral Brown, is at the head of the Argentine Republic; whilst the independence of the Banda Oriental is maintained by Rivera, with the navy under Garibaldi, an able Italian who superseded Coe, and thus are Buenos Ayres and Monte Video pitted against each other. But the preceding chapters of the book relate to the wars of other young republics, and provinces far up the country. In these flourish Governor Lopez of Santa Fe, Ramirez, Artega, Carrere of Chili, Bustes, Quiroga, Paz, Lavalia, and others; the contest between the party of Unitarians and the partisans of Rosas; and the parts taken by several Indian tribes in their sanguinary and ruthless encounters. The following quotations will serve as examples of these atrocities:

"The subjugation of the provinces being now complete, and the demon of civil war having glutted himself to satiety, Quiroga having no more blood-scenes directly on the tapis, began casting about in his mind the important and conspicuous part that he had played in the dark drama of the past, and very naturally concluded that he was, at least, as great a man as any other in the republic. He could not resist a growing impression which forced itself upon his mind, that he had been the main spoke in the wheel of the counter-revolution, and that the important services which he had rendered entitled him as much to the gratitude of the people as the man who had sat quietly at Buenos Ayres, and left him to fight all the battles. These considerations gradually fired his mind, and filled his breast with 'thoughts of coming greatness.' He fully believed himself as well qualified for the responsible office of dictator as Rosas, and certainly none will deny that his claims upon the people were quite as well founded as those of his illustrious friend. Under these circumstances, he set to work upon what was to him an entirely new theory in politics. He began to talk to the people about a national constitution, and a system of free representation; and after some time devoted to this stroke of policy, for the purpose of gaining their confidence, he set out for Buenos Ayres, with the avowed object of broaching the subject to Rosas in person, and to use his best influence in bringing about so desirable a result. The active mind of the general was not however, more rapid in conception than was that of the master-spirit of the day. Rosas no sooner found himself supreme in his power, than, like a kindred spirit, Richard the Third, he saw two spiders crawling in his path, and he could not feel content until some friendly foot should crush them. Quiroga and Lopez had finished their work to his satisfaction, and his keenest powers of perception could discover no farther possible utility in their existence. Our new governor, Ranafé, was taken with surprise at the many protestations and demonstrations of friendship which he received from the Dictator. Congratulations, presents, instructions, and arms, came so rapidly and confusedly in succession, that the brain of the peaceable functionary was set in a complete whirl of wonder. Quiroga, prior to his departure for Buenos Ayres, had set up his own governors in several of the provinces, and, among the rest, my friend and companion Latoré was called to the province of Salta. This gave me pleasure, although I regretted parting with him, for Latoré was a good and worthy man, and one that would govern the province with discretion. About this time, Governor Lopez lost his health, so that on the arrival of Quiroga at Buenos Ayres, in magnificent state, Lopez was unable to attend their conferences. Rosas and Quiroga, therefore, who had now become the only two influential men in the country, held their interviews without the assistance of a third party. Quiroga spoke, and Rosas listened. The one, it was said, recommended a constitution and laws; the other acquiesced, the better to conceal his true designs, while at the same time the subtlety of the devil was weaving itself about his heart. After several interviews, it was recommended by Rosas that Quiroga should, with a secretary, ride through the provinces, and ascertain the views of the people on this momentous subject, and, if necessary, endeavour to mould their minds to a conviction of its importance, so that when all should be prepared, an election for representatives should be held, for the purpose of establishing a constitutional government. To all this Quiroga eagerly consented, for in this he saw, or thought he saw, a direct medium through which his ambition might be gratified; supposing, of course, that in recommending and advocating so liberal a measure, he should gain at the same time the concurrence and confidence of the people. The plan being arranged, Ortiz, the former governor of San Luis, was recommended as the secretary for the occasion, and Quiroga having made up his company, consisting of himself, Ortiz, two aides-de-camp, four guardsmen on horseback, and four postillions, set out in a superb carriage on his tour. It is singular how people will surmise and talk; but among those who knew all parties, it was rumoured that those composing this little cavalcade would never get beyond the province of Santa Fe alive. The rumour was a mistaken one; the company did pass safely through the province of Santa Fe, and entered that of Cordova; here, however, they were not so fortunate, for, as they approached Altavaca, they were beset, and every soul brutally murdered. The body of Quiroga was found pierced with one ball through the heart, with some twenty poniard wounds besides. Some of the party were found with their throats cut, and all exhibited traces of a most fearful butchery."

The Ranafé family were also soon disposed of:

"Soon after this, Rosas repeated his order for the arrest of the Ranafés, and directed Rodriguez to send them forthwith to Buenos Ayres; but instead of an immediate compliance, the governor sent in his intercession on their behalf, urging the tyrant to withdraw his order, at the same time expressing his earnest conviction of their innocence. Little did he suppose that in such a course he would compromise his own safety, without in the least degree benefiting his friends. The characteristic reply to this offer of mediation was a corps of cavalry, who very speedily made prisoners of three of the brothers (among them

the late governor), and conveyed them to Buenos Ayres; the fourth had taken the alarm, and wisely made his escape from the country. Arrived at the capital, the three were thrown into a single stone dungeon, without either bed or bench, and here they were held in a most miserable confinement for a space of several months, during which time their sister Dona Pancia Ranafé, who had followed them to Buenos Ayres, plied the heartless Rosas with petitions, entreating the poor privilege of visiting her brothers in their confinement, and ministering as she best might to their immediate comfort. Even this was denied; not so much as the sympathies of one congenial bosom were allowed to soften the horrors of their imprisonment, and they were left to suffer, and to bear in all the fulness of misery, the mandate of the tyrant. Sickness, the result of their comfortless situation, wore them to skeletons, and finally relieved one of them at the same time from the sufferings of life and the power of his tormentor. Having myself been for some time past engaged in mercantile pursuits my business called me three or four times a year to Buenos Ayres, and I was there during the latter part of the time the Ranafés were in confinement. I saw their sister in all the anguish of her despair, yet I could not find one spark of comfort to bestow upon her, for I knew that her brothers were doomed. Rosas had wrought himself into a position that was critical; he had already

in blood

Stepped in so far, that, should he wade no more,  
Returning were as tedious as go o'er;

and it was by terror alone that he could keep down the ebullitions of the public mind. Victims must be sacrificed to overawe the people, and a man once imprisoned on his order was a man doomed to death. The time at length arrived when it was announced that the Ranafés were to be shot in the market-square, in company with another victim named Santos Pares, who had also been in some way implicated in the same charge. Although I had long expected this order, I heard the announcement with a shudder. Memory, like a winged spirit, flew back upon the past, and gathering the scattered fragments of her train, discharged them like a volcano on my mind. I saw again the tall uncourtly *guacho*, as he had been presented to me by Latoré, too unsophisticated to be vicious, but with a mind as yielding and impenetrable as wax. Again I saw him governor of Cordova, holding, as with the hand of childhood, the reins of power, and guiding the capricious throng as one who trembled, not for himself, but for his charge. I thought again of our *tertulias* and *conversaciones*,—of his pliant spirit, of the insidious wiles of Rosas to win him to himself, of his ultimate self-confidence, his deposition, arrest, imprisonment, and now, to crown the whole, in bold relief stood out the order for his execution! 'Ah, my poor friend!' I exclaimed, when this order was announced, 'I, at least, will not be a witness to your murder.'

"At the time of the execution I shut myself up in my room, which was at a house situated only about three squares from the scene of blood: from that spot I heard the report of the volley that sent them to eternity, and covering my face with my hands, I uttered a malediction on their murderer. Soon after the execution, I had occasion to pass near the market-square, and to my horror saw the three bodies, still reeking with blood, hanging in chains upon a gibbet over the spot where they had died. Some persons who had witnessed the execution informed me, that a moment before the fatal shot was given, Pares called out to the bystanders, 'Rosas is the murderer of Quiroga!' Soon after this tragedy was performed at Buenos Ayres, Governor Rodriguez shared a similar fate at Cordova. His intercession on behalf of the Ranafés had been sufficient to excite the doubts and fears of Rosas; and his hesitation to execute an order without questioning its propriety was no less than an evidence of treason. He was therefore taken outside the town, out of respect to the feelings of the people of Cordova, who were not yet used to these scenes, and disposed of in the usual manner."

The murderous behests of Rosas are carried out by a party thus described:

"The accursed Massorca club, which was composed of from three to four hundred desperadoes, who were sworn to do the bidding of Rosas, even to the murder of their own relatives, were the most prominent instruments of his terrible policy. Goaded with the opposition of the foreign powers, he wreaked his vengeance upon the helpless of his own people: violence succeeded violence, and bloodshed bloodshed, until the era might justly have been denominated a second 'reign of terror.' He had gone so far in blood, that he dreaded assassination on every hand; and so jealous and vindictive had he become, that no man who did not openly avow an attachment to the Dictator was safe either in person or property. So sure as a Unitarian, by a word or action, became once obnoxious to his fears, he was a marked man; then would he say to his hirelings of the Massorca, 'Let him be arrested.' If arrested, death was almost sure to follow, and the property of the victim was confiscated; for

'His but thought by him were half performed.'

Or if the individual succeeded in avoiding the arrest, and fled the city, confiscation followed as a matter of course. I could name numerous instances in proof of this, but one may suffice; it is that of Don Pedro Boque, and may be thus related: Boque was a Unitarian of wealth, residing in the Calle Cavildo, and having heard through a friend that Rosas' officers had been making inquiries respecting him, determined, as a measure of precaution, to leave the town for a short time, or until he should learn the object of the inquiry. This departure proved a timely one, as, on the following day, a number of the Massorca paid a visit to his house, and searched it in every part; but not finding their object, they directed his wife and family to leave the premises. The order was obeyed, but without the privilege of carrying with them the slightest thing save the clothes upon their persons. A little boy about twelve years of age was subsequently sent by the Dona Boque, from the house of a friend where she had taken refuge, for the purpose of soliciting the privilege of bringing away a change of clothes for the now destitute family; but as he came to the house he grew timid, and when he told his errand, some of the villains who had been left in charge declared him a spy, and threatened to shoot him. This so frightened the poor child that he attempted to escape, but not being able to reach the street he fled to the yard, and actually sprang into the privy to avoid his pursuers. The attempt to escape fully satisfied the wretches that he must be a spy, and having drawn him from his nauseous retreat and rinsed his garments, he was conducted by two men, each of whom held him by the collar, to the *cuartel*, or guard-house. I saw the little fellow on his way, conducted as I have described—a child but twelve years old arrested as a spy! Arrested! Would that the worst were said in saying that; but, (can it be believed?) before the sun had set, that child was, by Rosas' order, shot as a spy, in the *corral*, or yard of the *cuartel*! It is needless to dwell upon scenes like these, or to give voice to the reflections which they naturally suggest; it is sufficient to declare that the deed, horrible as it may seem, was performed, and that the then residents of Buenos Ayres can attest the fact. The entire property of Boque was confiscated and distributed among the Massorcas."



It is painful to dwell on such revolting subjects, and we shall only add one or two more of such illustrations of the state of this people, where ambitious men like these contend for dominion and sway : and as a relief, get from horrors like these to a few notes relating to the country and its native inhabitants, which, however, we must reserve for another *Gazette* or two, only observing that the news received this week must increase the interest of this volume and of our notice.

### THE AMERICANS AND THE ABORIGINES.

A TALE OF THE SHORT WAR.—PART II.—(Continued.)

The wedding has been celebrated with great rejoicings ; the Indians, who have indulged largely, many of them to excess, in the fire-water of the pale-faces, retire to their huts, to sleep off the effects of their libations, and soon the village is sunk in silence and repose.—We extract the chapter that follows :—

It was past midnight, and the village and its environs were buried in profound repose, when a man, carrying a naked sabre under his arm, advanced with stealthy steps from the shore, towards the Miko's wigwam. He reached the trees in front of the dwelling ; and after casting a cautious and searching glance around him, was about to retrace his steps, when with the quickness of light, a noose of buffalo hide encircled his neck, and he was thrown to the ground with a shock so sudden and irresistible, that it seemed caused by a supernatural rather than a human power. His sabre fell from his hand, before he had time to raise it to his neck and sever the noose ; and so rapidly and silently did all this take place, that a group of armed men, stationed between the creek and the cottage, at scarcely forty paces from the latter, were perfectly unaware of what occurred. Now, however, a yell that might have roused the dead from their graves was heard ; the door of the council wigwam, in which the bridal-bed of Canondah and El Sol had been spread, was burst furiously open ; and by the flash of several muskets, just then fired from the shore, a powerful figure, bearing something heavy in its arms, was seen to rush out and plunge into the neighbouring thicket. Other cries, proceeding apparently from a thousand throats, multiplied themselves in every direction, behind hedge and bush, over land and water, in accents as wild and fierce as if the demons of hell had been unchained, and were rejoicing in a nocturnal revel. Simultaneously with this uproar, a regular platoon fire commenced upon the shore, and blue flames issued from various cottages of the peaceful Indian hamlet, rapidly increasing till they burst out into a bright red blaze, that spread hissing and crackling over wall and roof. In the midst of this frightful tumult another shout was uttered, resembling the roar of the lion when he rages in his utmost fury. It was the war-whoop of El Sol.

The noble Mexican had been lulled to sleep by the night-song of his bride when the well-known yell of his tribe awakened him. Clapping his beloved wife with one arm, he grasped his knife and rifle, and darted through the door of the wigwam. A discharge of musketry greeted his appearance. The chief felt his left arm pierced by a ball ; he trembled, and a slight shudder came over him. "Canondah !" cried he, in a hoarse tone, leaping the hedges like a wounded deer, and hurrying towards the forest : "Canondah, fear nothing—you are in the arms of El Sol !"

She answered not ; her head had sunk upon her breast, her body writhed with a convulsive spasm, and then again stretched itself out. For one moment a horrible thought paralysed the very soul of her husband ;—but no—it was impossible ; his arm had received the bullet, her silence was the result of sudden terror, the blood that flowed over him was from his own wound. He was still flying from his treacherous and invisible foe, when his howling warriors came almost instinctively to join him ; and, before he reached the forest, he found himself surrounded by the most trusty of his followers. "It is the pirate," he whispered to his wife ; and then, pressing a kiss upon her lips, he laid her softly upon the grass, stepped forward into the midst of his warriors, and uttered his terrible war-cry. "Behold," cried he, pointing to the blazing cottages, "the faith of the white thief !"

It was a wildly beautiful, almost an awful sight. Already more than thirty huts were converted into blazing piles, lighting up the whole of that glorious shore, reflected in ruddy brilliancy from the still surface of the water, and illuminating the avenues of cypress and mangroves with long streaks of flame. Scattered shots were still heard, and after each report another hut began to blaze. In the group of Indians assembled round El Sol a deep silence now reigned, only broken by the tardy arrival of some yelling Pawnee or Oconee, who, roused out of his drunken slumber, was scarcely even yet aware of the cause of the uproar.

"Where is the Miko ?" fifty voices suddenly demanded.

There was no reply. Just then a woman's scream was heard proceeding from the brink of the water. El Sol had stood silent, his eyes fixed upon the burning huts, beyond which, near to the crest of the shore, the polished musket-barrels of the pirates gleamed in the firelight. Not more than five minutes had elapsed since the first yell proclaimed the presence of a foe, but already the young warrior had combined his plan, and he now gave his orders in a short decided tone, betraying the habit of command, and the certainty of prompt and implicit obedience. One of the Comanches, followed by the majority of the Pawnees and Oconees, glided away through the thick bushes ; whilst El Sol himself, with the three remaining Comanches, and a troop of chosen Pawnees, hurried rapidly along the skirt of the forest.

The broad belt of land over which the village was scattered, rose near the shore, as already mentioned, into a sort of crest overgrown with mangroves and myrtle bushes, through the middle of which ran a broad foot-path. The elevation of this ridge was about twenty feet, and it continued along the whole length of the hamlet, excepting opposite to the creek, where nature had broken it down into a small harbour. Near this the glitter of arms betrayed the presence of a strong picket, placed there doubtless to guard the boats. This picket was each moment strengthened by the return of one or other of the pirates who had been detached to fire the wigwams. Along the bush-crowned ridge several advanced posts were stationed, intended to maintain the communication between the picket at the creek, and a second party which had pressed forward to the habitation of the Miko, and to support either, as need might be. From the whole arrangement, it was evident that the pirate had planned the carrying off the Miko and his adopted daughter ; and this he might possibly have accomplished before creating an alarm, had not two of the Comanches taken upon themselves, according to the custom of their nation, to keep guard during the bridal night in front of the wigwam of their chief. These warriors, it is true, had partaken largely of the Miko's extravagant hospitality ; but their senses, although duller than usual, were not sufficiently deadened to prevent their overhearing the step of the white men, a sound so easily recognised by Indian ears.

During his two years' intercourse with the Oconees, the pirate had become

too well acquainted with their habits, not to appreciate the danger of attacking them in broad daylight, when each of his men would furnish an easy target for the Indians, who, on their side, would be sheltered behind trees and in the brushwood. He had therefore chosen the night for his attack ; and, in order to ensure himself as much as possible against a counter surprise in the darkness, and, at the same time to spread terror amongst the assailed, he had caused the huts to be fired. Three practised marksmen were posted at a short distance from the council wigwam, for the express purpose of shooting the young Mexican chief, whom Lafitte justly deemed the most formidable of his opponents. The pirate himself, with a party of picked men, pressed forward to the Miko's dwelling, surrounded it, and seized its two inmates. Tokeah, usually so abstemious, had probably upon this festive occasion overstepped the bounds of sobriety, and he fell unresisting into the hands of his foe. So well arranged, indeed, and rapid had all the movements been, that the first call to arms had hardly died away, when the Miko and Rosa were in the power of the bucaniers. Lafitte then formed his men into a small square, and retreated steadily but in double quick time towards the shore. Not an Indian was to be seen. The little phalanx was already in the neighbourhood of the creek, and at only a few yards from the picket : another dozen paces and they would be in their boats, which a very few strokes of the oar would send into the middle of the stream, and out of bullet range. A pursuit by canoes, in which each Indian would offer an easy mark, was not to be thought of. Such had been the pirate's calculation, and his plans seemed likely to be crowned with complete success. He was within a step of the shore, when suddenly there was a movement in the bushes immediately opposite to him, and glimpses were caught of the copper-coloured forms of the Indians, glowing redly in the firelight.

"Steady !" cried the pirate to his men, who marched firmly and calmly onwards, gazing in a sort of wonderment at the bushes, which waved to and fro as if hundreds of anacondas had been winding their way through them. The pirates joined the picket and opened their square.

Lafitte threw Rosa into the arms of a sailor, and then pushed the Miko over the edge of the bank into the boat. The old man sank down like a lifeless mass in the bottom of the skiff, and Lafitte again turned to his men. The picket had already retired behind the ridge, where they were sheltered from the enemy's fire ; the square alone was stationary, and seemed destined to observe the movements of the Indians, and to cover the retreat. It was a small but desperate looking band of about four-and-twenty men, to the composition of which nearly every nation and quarter of the globe, every colour and language, contributed its quota. Thirst of blood gleamed in their eyes as they stood formed in column, in deep silence, and with fixed bayonets, waiting the signal to fire.

Suddenly the Indian warwhoop burst from a hundred throats. A second time the frightful yell was repeated, rendered more hideous by the shrill tones of the squaws and maidens, who struck up the death-song, and were seen running and dancing like demons round the blazing huts. The next instant, with brandished arms and shouts of fury, the Indians rushed towards the creek.

A malicious smile played over the hard features of the pirate as the Red men came charging down upon his band.

"Reserve, forward !" cried he, turning to the picket. The order was obeyed. In profound silence Lafitte allowed the howling Indians to advance to within ten paces of the musket muzzles, and then uttered a hoarse "Fire !" A deadly volley was poured in, and the first rank of the assailants fell to a man. Their comrades started back, but instantly returning to the charge, threw themselves with a desperate leap upon the pirates. The latter coolly tossed their muskets into the hollow of their left arms, and drew their pistols ; a second volley, in which the fire of the reserve picket mingled, threw the Red men into utter confusion. The slope of the shore was covered with killed and wounded, and the survivors fled howling to the cover of the thicket.

"March !" commanded Lafitte. The picket again approached the boat, followed by the main body.

At that moment, when to all appearance the retreat of the pirates was ensured, four heavy splashes in the water were heard, and Lafitte saw the four men who had been in charge of the boats, rise to the surface of the water and then disappear for ever. At the same time the boats themselves, impelled by some invisible power, shot, with the swiftness of an arrow, into the centre of the stream.

"'Tis the Mexican !" exclaimed the pirate, gnashing his teeth with fury, and firing a brace of pistols at the boat. A hollow laugh replied to the shots. The pirates looked around them, saw that their boats had disappeared, and for a moment stood thunderstruck, but speedily recovering themselves, they reloaded their muskets, and, firm as rocks, awaited a fresh assault. They had not long to wait. A volley from the river warned them of the proximity of a new foe ; a second, still better directed, stretched a third of them upon the ground. And now once more the terrible war-cry resounded along the shore, and the Indians, roused to madness by their previous repulses, rushed for a third time upon their enemy. Another volley from the boats, and then the Mexican and his companions sprang like tigers upon the terrified pirates. The struggle was short. Unable to resist the furious attack upon their front and rear, the pirates threw away their weapons, and flung themselves headlong into the river to escape the tomahawks of their raging foes.

Lafitte was the only one who stood firm, and seemed determined to sell his life dearly. His back against the bank, his sabre in his right hand, a pistol in his left, he parried a blow dealt him by an Oconee, who fell, the next instant, with his head nearly severed from his shoulders. A bullet finished another of his assailants, and he was raising his sabre for the second time, when a lasso was flung over his head, and he fell helpless to the ground. The long and terrible yell that now rang along the shore, and was re-echoed from the adjacent forest, proclaimed the complete and bloody triumph of the Red men.

The bullet that grazed the arm of El Sol pierced the heart of Canondah, and the day subsequent to the sanguinary conflict above described, witnesses her interment, and that of the Indians who fell in the fight. At the funeral a difference of opinion arises between the Oconees and the Comanches. The number of slain pirates is insufficient to furnish a scalp to be buried with each of the dead Indians, and, to supply the deficiency, the Oconees are anxious to immolate Lafitte and twelve of his companions who have fallen alive into their hands. To this El Sol and his warriors, free from many of the barbarous prejudices of their new brethren, object. Two of the pirates are sacrificed to an outbreak of Indian fury, but the others are saved by El Sol, and it then becomes a question how they are to be disposed of. It is proposed to deliver them over to the Americans, that they may deal with them according to their laws ; but Tokeah with a refinement of hatred towards the white men, devises an amendment upon this plan. Sooner or later, he says, they will come to the tree upon which they are to hang. Meanwhile let them go at large, and cause the blood of the pale-faces to flow, as that of the Oconees has done.

This singular proposition at first startles the vindictive and bloodthirsty Oco-

nees, but when they fully understand it, they receive it with a burst of applause. Lafitte and his companions are unbound, and allowed to depart.

The funeral over, the Indians set out for the hunting grounds of the Comanches, but Tokeah does not accompany them. He has had a dream, enjoining him to disinter his father's bones, which lie buried several hundred miles within the limits of the United States, in a district formerly possessed by the Oconees. He wishes Rosa to accompany the tribe to their new residence; but the young girl, mindful of her promise to Canondah, insists upon encountering with him the perils of the long and wearisome journey he is about to undertake. Whilst the main body of the Indians set off in a westerly direction, Rosa, a young Indian girl, Tokeah, El Sol, and four warriors, turn their steps towards the country of the white men. Thither we will now precede them.

It was a bright cool December morning, and the sunbeams had just sufficient power to disperse the fog and mist which at that season frequently hang for a week together over the rivers and lakes of Louisiana. In the country town of Opelousas there was a great and unusual crowd. It seemed astonishing how so many people could have been got together in that thinly populated neighborhood, and a person who had suddenly arrived in the midst of the concourse, would have been sorely puzzled to conjecture its occasion. To judge from the drinking, dancing, fighting, and pranks of all sorts that went on, a sort of festival was celebrating; but weapons were also to be seen; men were formed up by companies, and nearly every body had something more or less military in his equipment. Some wore uniforms that had served in the revolutionary war, and were consequently more than thirty years old; others, armed with rifles, ranged themselves in rank and file, and, by a lieutenant of their own election, were manoeuvred into a corner, out of which no word of command that he was acquainted with was sufficient to bring them. Another corps had got a band of music, consisting of one fiddler, who marched along at the side of the captain, sawing his catgut with might and main. Those individuals who had not yet attached themselves to any particular corps, shouldered rifles, fowling-pieces, or, in some instances, an old horse-pistol, with nothing wanting but the lock; and the few who had no fire-arms, had provided themselves with stout bludgeons.

These, however, were merely the outposts. In the centre of the town the flower of the citizens was assembled, divided into two groups. One of them, consisting of the younger men, had fixed its headquarters in front of a tavern, the destination of which was indicated by a sign, whose hieroglyphics, according to our firm belief, neither Denon nor Champollion could have deciphered. Under these was written, for those who could read it, the customary announcement of "Entertainment for Man and Beast." In the interior of the establishment a second fiddle was to be heard; the performer upon which, of a less martial turn than his rival, was performing a lively jig for the benefit of a crowd of dancers.

The other group, more gravely disposed, had chosen a more respectable parade-ground, and established itself in front of a store, containing a miscellany of earthen jugs, rolls of chewing-tobacco, felt hats, shoes, knives, forks, and spoons, and (the most essential of all) a cask of whisky and a keg of lead and powder. Above the door was a board, with the inscription, "New Shop—Cheap for Cash;" and on the wall of the crazy frame-house was written in chalk—"Whisky, Brandy, Tobacco, Post-office."

On the stump of a tree stood a man who, to judge from his new beaver hat, clean shirt-collar, and bran new coat and breeches of a pompadour red, was a candidate for some one of the offices in the gift of the sovereign people. Near him were several other men of equally elegant exterior, to all appearance also aspirants to the vacant post, and who seemed to wait with some impatience for the termination of his harangue. Comparatively speaking, tranquillity and order reigned here, only excepting the noise of the dancers, and the occasional bellowing of some noisy porter stumbling about through the mud, with which the single street of the little town was covered knee-deep. Such interruptions, however, the orator seemed totally to disregard, and he continued in stentorian tones to inform his auditors how he would whip them damned British, whom he hated worse than skunks. This he was setting forth in the clearest possible manner, when the attention of his hearers was in some degree distracted by a loud "Hallo!" proceeding from two boon companions, who, after having for some time floundered about the street, had at last rambled towards the edge of the forest, and now suddenly began to shout violently, and to run as fast as their unsteady condition would allow. Amongst their vociferations, the words, "Stop, you cussed Redskin!" were clearly distinguishable—sounds far too interesting not to create a sensation amongst the backwoodsmen. A dozen of the orator's audience slipped away, just to see "what was the matter with the d—d fools, and why they made such a devil of a row." The example found imitators, and presently not above thirty listeners remained collected round the speaker. Insubordination also broke out in the different corps that were exercising, and a full third of the men left their ranks and scampered towards the wood. Only the group in front of the chandler's store remained grave and steady in the midst of the general excitement.

From out of the dark cypress forest that stretches southwards from the shore of the Atchafalaya, a figure had emerged which, judging from its dress, belonged to the Indian race. The savage had crept along the edge of the forest in order to get near the town; but alarmed perhaps by the crowd and noise in the latter, he had not ventured to take the road leading to it, but had struck into a side-path across a cotton-field. He was about to climb over the fence, when he was descried by the two idlers already mentioned, who no sooner saw him than, although their heads were tolerably full of whisky, they commenced a rapid pursuit. One of them first took the precaution to place his joint glass in safety behind a hedge, and then followed his companion, a swift-footed son of the west, who already had the Indian in his clutches. The Redskin was so exhausted that he would evidently not have been able to proceed much further. The staggering and unsteady state of his captor, however, did not escape him, and he gave him a sudden push, which stretched him at full length in the mud. "Stop!" shouted the backwoodsman, no way disconcerted by his fall; "Stop! or I will so man! your ugly face that you sha'n't be able to crawl for a week."

The Indian seemed to understand, and stopped accordingly, at the same time assuming an attitude indicative of a firm resolution to defend himself. He grasped his knife, and boldly confronted his pursuers, who on their part examined him with looks of curiosity and of some suspicion. The appearance of an Indian in this neighborhood was nothing very unusual, seeing that they had a village scarcely a hundred miles off to the north-west, and that they continually made excursions of several hundred miles into the States, in all directions, and even to the capital. For a long time past their diminished numbers had not allowed them to attempt any thing hostile against their white neighbors, who each year drew nearer to them; and their increasing wants, particularly their insatiable greed after the precious fire-water, had reduced them to be, *de facto*, little better than slaves to fur-dealers and storekeepers, for whom they hunted, and

who paid the poor wretches in whisky scarcely the tenth part of the value of their skins.

In the present instance the two backwoodsmen had no evil intention against the Indian; all they wanted was to give him a glass of Monongahela, and to amuse themselves a little at his expense. So at least it appeared from the words of the one who had been knocked down, and who, without taking his tumble at all in ill part, now roared out, that "he must drink a half-pint of whisky with him, or he would put him in his pocket."

"Come, young Redskin," cried the other; "come along. You shall help us to fight the cussed Britishers, and drink, ay, drink like a fish."

By this time the little group was surrounded by deserters from the parade-ground, examining the Indian with a rude and uncereemonious, but not an ill-natured, curiosity. Without permission or apology they inspected his wardrobe, tried the edge of his scalping-knife, examined his moccasins, and one of them even made an attempt to remove the cap from his head. By these various investigations the stranger seemed more surprised than gratified. His exterior was, it must be confessed, somewhat singular. A foxskin cap covered his head and extended down over his ears, concealing his light brown hair, an attempt at disguise which the long fair down upon his upper lip rendered tolerably unsuccessful. His deerskin doublet denoted the Indian, but his trousers were those of a white man. One of his moccasins—the other he had left in some swamp—was of Indian workmanship; one of his cheeks was still daubed with the red and black war-paint, which had been nearly rubbed off the other; his hands, although burnt brown by the sun, were those of a white man. If any doubt could have remained, his features would have settled it; the bold blue eye could no more have belonged to an Indian than could the full rosy cheek and the well-formed mouth. The crowd stared at him with the same sort of stupefaction which they might have shown had they entered a thicket expecting to find a fat deer, and encountered in its stead a growling bear.

"I should think you've looked at me enough," said the stranger at last, in good English, and in a sort of half-humorous, half-petulant tone; at the same time delivering a blow, with the flat of his knife, upon the horny hand of a backwoodsman, who had again attempted to lift his cap with a view to examine his hair.

It was, as the reader will already have conjectured, our young Englishman, who, having been guided by the Indian runner into the path to the Coshattoes, had at last succeeded in making his way over and through the innumerable swamps, rivers, and forests, with which that district is so superabundantly blessed. The comparative coolness of the season, and the shallowness of the swamps and rivers, of the former of which many were entirely dried up and converted into meadows, had favoured his journey, or else he would scarcely have succeeded in reaching the banks of the Atchafalaya. For the preceding three weeks he had lived upon wild-geese and ducks, which he had killed and roasted as the Indians had taught him. He had now just emerged from the wilderness, and, however great his wish undoubtedly was to find himself once more in civilized society, the grim aspect of the Goliath-like backwoodsmen, their keen eyes and sunburnt visages, and long horn-handled knives, were so uninviting, that he was almost tempted to wish himself back again. Nevertheless, he seemed rather amused than disconcerted by the frank, forward familiarity of the people he had come amongst.

"And d—n it!" exclaimed one of the men after a long pause, during which Hodges had been the observed of all eyes, "who, in the devil's name, are you? You are no Redskin!"

"No, that I'm not," replied the young man, laughing; "I am an Englishman."

He spoke the last words in the short decided tone, and with all the importance of a baron or a count, who, having condescended to arrive in disguise amongst his dependents, on a sudden thinks proper to lay aside his incognito. There was in his look and manner, as he glanced over the crowd, a degree of self-satisfaction, and a curiosity to see the impression made by the announcement, mingled with the feeling of superiority which John Bull willingly entertains, and which he at that time was wont to display towards Brother Jonathan, but which has since entirely disappeared, and given place to a sort of envious uneasiness—a certain proof, in spite of the scorn in which it disguises itself, of his consciousness of the superiority of the detested Brother Jonathan, aforesaid.

"An Englishman!" repeated twenty voices.

"A Britisher!" vociferated fifty more, and amongst these a young man in a grass-green coat, who had just come up with an air of peculiar haste and importance.

"A Britisher!" repeated the gentleman in green; "that's not your only recommendation, is it?"

The person addressed glanced slightly at the speaker, who was measuring him with a pair of lobster-eyes of no very friendly expression, and then carelessly replied—

"For the present, it is my only one."

"And d—n it, what has brought you to Opelousas?" demanded the green man.

"My legs!" replied Hodges. But the joke was not well taken.

"Young man," said an elderly American, "you are in Louisiana state, and see before you citizens of the United States of America. That man there"—he pointed to green-coat—"is the constable. Jokin' is out of place here."

"I come from on board my ship, if you must know."

"From on board his ship!" repeated every body, and every brow visibly knit, and a low murmur ran through the crowd.

The news of the landing of British troops had just reached the town, and the same courier had brought the unwelcome intelligence of the capture of the American gunboats on the Mississippi. Trifling as this disaster was, compared with the brilliant victories achieved on Lakes Champlain and Erie, and on the ocean, at every meeting, by American ships over British, it had, nevertheless, produced a general feeling of exasperation.

The constable stepped aside with several other men, and talked with them in a low voice. When they returned, and again surrounded the Englishman, their conference had produced a marked change in their manner. Their rough familiarity and friendly inquisitiveness had given place to a repulsive coldness; the humorous cheerfulness of their countenances was exchanged for a proud, cold earnestness, and they measured Hodges with keen distrustful glances.

"Stranger," said the constable, in a tone of command, "you are a suspicious person, and must follow me."

"And who may you be, who take upon yourself to show me the way?" demanded the midshipman.

"You have already heard who I am. These men are citizens of the United States, presently at war with your country, as you probably know."

The green-clad functionary spoke these words with a certain emphasis, and



even dignity, which caused the young man to look with rather less disdain at his shining beaver-hat, and verdant inexpressibles.

"I am ready to follow," said he; "but I trust I am in safety amongst you."

"That you will soon see," replied the constable drily.

And so saying, he, his prisoner, and the crowd, set off in the direction of the town.

If, as appears from the preceding extract, our author is ready enough to expose the peculiarities and failings of the English, whose foibles, in various parts of this book, he sets forth with at least as much severity as justice, he, on the other hand, and although his sympathies are evidently American, gives some curious specimens of their deficiency in military organization and discipline, and of the loose manner in which public affairs were carried on in the then newly formed state of Louisiana. The young midshipman is taken before our old acquaintance, Squire Copeland, who, with the restlessness characteristic of his countrymen, has emigrated some three years before from Georgia, to the infant town of Opelousa, and holds the double office of justice of the peace and major of militia. Hodges is examined on suspicion of being an emissary from the British, sent to stir up the Indian tribes against the Americans. He scrupulously observes his promise, made to Tokenah and Canondah, not to reveal their place of abode; and, hampered by this pledge, is unable to give a clear account of himself. Suspicion is confirmed by his disguise, and by certain exclamations which he imprudently allows to escape him on hearing Major Copeland and his wife make mention of Tokenah, and of Rosa, their foster-child, of whom they now for seven years have heard nothing. The result of his examination, of which the good-natured and unsuspicious squire, having his hands full of business, and being less skilled in the use of the pen than the rifle, requests the prisoner himself to draw up the report, is, that Major Copeland, the constable, and Hodges, set off for a town upon the Mississippi, then the headquarters of the Louisiana militia. What occurs upon their arrival there, we will relate in a third and final notice of the book before us.

### CAUSES OF EARLY CONSUMPTION.

BY PROFESSOR JAMES J. MAPES.

The question is often asked, why it is that those who live at or near the level of the sea are more subject to that scourge of mankind, *Consumption*, than the hardy mountaineer? And it is as often answered, "that it is due to the difference in their food and exercise." To this, as well as to many other trite sayings, the adage that "Public Report is a public Lie" may be justly applied.

The true cause of narrow chests and small and feeble lungs is easily defined by the naturalist. *Buffon* tells us that all animals inhabiting high altitudes have larger lungs and more copious chests than those residing in valleys. *Audubon* and *Wilson* both agree in stating that such birds as are accustomed to the highest flights have the largest air-receptacles for respiratory purposes. The same class of animals which inhabit the mountains, if brought into the valley, although exercised in the same manner, will often become pulmonic; while an animal removed from the valley to the mountain, without any change in diet or exercise, expands its chest, and obtains a corresponding increased action of the lungs. Nature has so adapted the physiological configuration, that it may undergo these changes as occasion may require; and if it were not so, every mountaineer on visiting the valley would lose his life by a collapse of his lungs; and every inhabitant of the lowlands would die of suffocation for want of sufficient oxygen, while breathing the lighter diluted atmosphere of the mountain.

All this is easily accounted for, and the rationale is within the comprehension of the meanest intellect.

From the height of the atmosphere it is well known that at the level of the sea its superincumbent weight is fifteen pounds to every square inch of surface exposed to its action; and that consequently, as air is very elastic, that which we breathe in low regions is in a very compressed state. One of the great objects of respiration is to enable the blood to rob from the air received within the lungs the oxygen contained in it; and the blood will not be content, nor continue to perform its proper offices, with any less than its necessary quantity of this important element.

Now suppose a cubic foot of air to be enclosed in a tight and fragile vessel, and then to be carried to the top of a mountain, or other high elevation. It will be found to expand as it loses its superincumbent weight by being elevated, and at no impracticable height to double its bulk and to burst its prison-wall. If then a cubic foot of air of the valley contains two proportions of oxygen, that of the mountain, from being expanded, will contain but one; and therefore the resident of these high altitudes is compelled to breathe double the bulk of air to supply the blood with the same weight of oxygen. Nature enables the configuration of man, as well as of all other animals, to meet this change. And the chest and the lungs, from natural causes alone, enlarge themselves for their new office.

The city of Mexico is nine thousand feet above the level of the sea; and in this locality narrow chests and diseased lungs are unknown; while from the extreme dilation of the atmosphere, animal substances never become putrid; notwithstanding its proximity to the equator, and consequent high temperature.

It must not be supposed, from this extreme case, that slight elevations are not serviceable. The difference of elevation between the basement and garret stories of a high house may be taken advantage of for the use of the early consumptive; and the heights at Weehawken, and the Kaatskill and other mountains, are fully sufficient for the restoration of the incipient pulmonic.

Those invalids who visit the West Indies and remain in Matanzas, Havana and other low localities, die; while those who reside on the Highlands of Cuba, St. Croix and elsewhere, recover, without reference to any other fact than mere elevation and moderate temperature.

There are other advantages which will arise to invalids from high elevations. The exhalations from the surface of their bodies should be got rid of with the greatest possible degree of rapidity. If they are surrounded by an atmosphere of nearly the same weight as that of the gasses given off from the surface of the body, these gasses will mix with and be carried away by the atmosphere but slowly; whereas when surrounded by the light atmospheres of high elevations the heavy exhaled gasses fall off with greater rapidity, for the same reason that a cannon-ball will fall more rapidly through water than through melted lead; the upper atmosphere being lighter and thinner than the lower.

These facts will be more clearly understood, when we reflect that if the body be enclosed in a varnished silken bag, such as balloons are made of, and tied around the neck, so as to prevent the escape of gasses given off from the surface of the body, notwithstanding the mouth is free to breathe the outside atmosphere, the person so encased will die in a short time.

The missionaries who report the state of health of the poor inhabiting the basements and cellars of our city, inform us that life is shortened by such residences and dormitories more than one half. The reports of Dr. Edwin Chad-

wick, of London, and Doctors Griscom and Stevens, of New York, corroborate these facts; they all attribute it however to want of sufficient ventilation; but as most of these sufferers die of pulmonary diseases, it is equally fair to suppose that it is from want of sufficient elevation.

Take a farther and more familiar illustration of these principles: those who descend in diving-bells to the depth of thirty feet under water, the bell being supplied with air by the operation of force-pumps and flexible tubes, are under a pressure, first, of fifteen pounds to the inch from the atmosphere; second, to a still farther pressure of fifteen pounds to the inch from the compression exerted by the height of the column of water surrounding and above the bell; and the lungs are then breathing against an accumulated pressure of thirty pounds to the inch, instead of fifteen, as when at the surface of the water. Although the time necessary for this descent is but a few minutes, still in this short space of time the lungs so configure themselves that they lessen the size of their cavity, and no inconvenience is felt in breathing. But if, when in this state, the bell is suffered to rise too suddenly to the surface, not giving time to the lungs to adopt their former configuration, they will not only be injured, but from the sudden relief of pressure and consequent sudden internal expansions, the blood will rush from the nose, mouth and ears, and in many instances cause death.—*Kruickerbocker*.

### A DAY'S DEER-STALKING WITH THE MARKGRAF OF BADEN.

CHAPTER I.—THE ODENWALD—BEAUTIES OF THE NECKAR—THE ROYAL SCHLOSS OF SWINGENBERG—THE FORST-MEISTER—THE BANQUET.

It was a delicious Sunday evening, every bell in the old town was ringing forth its merriest and most lusty chime, as we rolled out of the Eastern gate of Heidelberg on our way to Swingenberg, an ancient castle some distance off upon the Neckar. Our double-barrel, a veritable Rigby, lay in one corner of the carriage, and a well balanced, handy rifle, borrowed for the great occasion from our friend Herr Bauerfiend, of the Hauptstrasse, reposed in the other. We who had shot snipes in the splashy marshes of Comaught, who had faced the mountain breezes, and waded breast high in the purple heather of the Highlands, and had "whistled down the black cock with a slug in his wing"—we who had tramped through the turnip fields of Norfolk and the fens of Lincoln, and who are well known among our contemporaries, unwilling though we be to sound forth our own praises, to possess as keen an eye as ever glanced along a brown barrel, and as fine a forefinger as ever touched a trigger—we were about to hazard our reputation by a trial of skill with the crack sportsmen of the Odenwald; we were going to display our prowess in the presence of royalty itself, for we had received an invitation to join a shooting party which was assembled at the castle of Swingenberg, in honour of the annual autumnal visit of his Royal Highness the Markgraf of Baden, brother of the "Grand Duke" Germanice, the "Grossherzog"; or, as a facetious friend of ours will persist in calling him, the Great Hedgehog of that state.

We are not ambitious—"panem et circences," our grub and an occasional visit to the Italian Opera being our only aspirations; but we must confess that right pleasant fancies floated through our brain upon that dewy evening, as, leaning back in our "Wagen," and inhaling the balmy fragrance of a mellow chamois, we mused upon the bright prospect which lay before us. At least we thought we should for the future be quite as great a personage as Major-General Wemyss, when he immolates partridges upon the Flemish Farm with our sportsman Prince. We are not going to knock over domestic birds, as tame as barn-door fowl, in a turnip field, even in royal company; we are going to fly at higher quarry, free as air in the still solitude of his native mountains, we will track the untlered monarch of the waste, and henceforth we shall never read, whilst luxuriating over the pleasure of a protracted breakfast, that important notification conveyed in the aristocratic columns of the "Morning Post," which informs the vulgar, "That, upon Tuesday last, his Royal Highness, in company with several other distinguished personages, enjoyed a day's pheasant shooting, and returned to lunch at two," without the proud consciousness that we also had seen a prince shoot; but

"Surgit amari aliquid,"

it is not, we hope, the etiquette in Germany as in England not to shoot in the royal presence. Must we look quietly on, and see the prince blazing at random right and left, the game flying unharmed away, and we never to wipe his Royal Highness's eye? No! Shade of Christopher North, Prince of Island Sportsmen, that shall never be! "Mein herr" cannot possibly be so great a donkey as John Bull, and shoot we will. For what were we invited!—to what purpose have we brought our guns? Why did Herr Bauerfiend give us a dozen of bright new moulded "kugeln," if it was not the custom of the country? Possibly, thought we, when the markgraf sees what a crack sportsman we are, he may be pleased to honour us with some mark of distinction. We are, however, determined upon no account, to be made into a baron, holding, with honest Robert Burns, that

"The rank is but the guinea's stamp."

If we are to be stamped at all, it must be with some impress worth the bearing. We should like "le crois de Nassau," if he can give it; but we must confess we should have no objection whatever to be made a "forst-meister" of. We do not at present know a more comfortable berth, not even excepting the Bench of the Common Pleas, the cushion of which, we have heard our brother Holmes remark—for personally we have not yet had an opportunity of ascertaining the fact—is remarkably soft.

The duties of the office of forst-meister are not of a very onerous nature. He has the absolute command of all the game in the principality where he resides; no one can shoot a single head without his permission; and if he keeps a good day's shooting for his royal master when he pays his annual visit, no questions are ever asked as to what he does with the remainder. And when one considers that in Germany a good deer fetches nearly the same price as a bullock does here, that partridges sell at a florin a brace, black game similar to the black cock of Scotland, at three, and pheasants and capercaillies for about as much more, the profits he derives from the sale of game, added to his official salary, which is about 5000 guildens per annum, must make the forst-meister's berth a very comfortable one indeed. He has finer, and more varied shooting besides, than the best preserves England or Scotland can boast; he is supplied with the choicest wines by the neighboring vine-growers, who have an interest in preventing their vineyards from being beat by his chasseurs until the grapes are pulled; his residence is always in some ancient castle, which is perched upon a romantic eminence overlooking a wide extent of magnificent forest scenery, and the only troublesome duty which appertains to his office is the looking after the woods and taking care that too much is not cut. All the forests, not only those which belong to the grand duke, but those also which are the property of his subjects, are placed under the surveillance of the forst-meister, and he has the

power of preventing even the owners themselves from cutting more wood than he thinks expedient. It is the main article of firing, and the policy of the German States being to keep themselves as independent of each other as possible in regard of the necessities of life, the proprietors of the forests are therefore not permitted to make away with even their own property to an extent which might militate against the common weal; and such extraordinary vigilance is exercised by the wood police, that scarcely a stick can be cut without their knowledge.

It is a source of constant wonder to us, if any of our travelling countrymen, who talk so much about the Rhine, the Danube, and the Moselle, have ever seen the Neckar? and if they have, why they do not praise the scenery more to our taste it is infinitely superior to that of any of these rivers. It is narrower and more rapid than even the Moselle; and, as the little steam-boat pants up lustily against the current, scenery the most beautiful and sublime meets the eye. At one moment, you are plunged into what seems the gloom of an eternal forest; another turn, and you are in an inland loch, slumbering seemingly in the lull of summer waves. A landscape rich with fair pasturage and trees, from whence arises the curling smoke of the quiet hamlet, is around you. Another instant, and you are passing through a deep glen; mountains are rising perpendicularly around, so high and so thickly wooded, that it is only at intervals you can catch a fleeting glimpse of the ethereal blue above. You pass through the centre of the Odenwald, famed for all the legendary lore of phantom knights and haunted castles. Mountains of crag piled upon crag now hang menacingly around you, purple with vines, or waving with the old oak and pine, which have stood the storm of a thousand winters. Grey mouldering castles look down upon you from their pride of place, built probably with the same charitable intention as their fellows upon the Rhine, and having long since undergone a similar fate, they still seem stern and overawing in their hoary grandeur; but ruin is green upon them now, and the stout baron who used to prowl from the keep, or dodge about the river's side, on the look out for some goodly "argosy," returning homeward bound from Frankfort, but destined to meet its owner's expecting eye no more, sleeps with his fathers; he did not live long enough perhaps to see his castle knocked about his ears; and we are inclined to think that could he look up now, and see the queer black craft splashing and puffing forth volumes of smoke beneath his walls, he would very likely turn on the other side and go to sleep again.

The steamboat on the Neckar, too, possesses many advantages, of which the Rhine "Dampfschiff" cannot boast. You are free from that eternal meeting with a class, the lineaments of which once seen are not easily forgotten. That ruddy-faced, white-hatted, zephyr-coated, stout gentleman, who, with a huge telescope in one hand, and that absurd red book, by which the natives of the continent at once "twig" Mr. Bull, spread out before him, is explaining to several young ladies in shepherd-plaid shawls, or seedy looking cloaks, and an elderly one who, rolled up in a thick cloak with a green veil tied down over the front of her bonnet, always is seated in that comfortable recess just above the cabin stairs, with her feet upon a little wooden stool, the various places and objects they are passing. We remember once, as we were steaming underneath the Drachenfels, hearing an individual of this genus say to a young lady, pointing to the grey ruin above—

"Do you see that old castle, my dear?"

"Yes, papa—what is it called?"

"That, Lucy, is Chateau Margaux!"

We need not say that this incident occurred before the days of "John Murray"; but, though his research renders such blissful ignorance impossible now, yet this class is still distinguished for its want of information, just as easily acquired; and, we must confess, that when we do go from our dear native country, we wish to meet with as few of its inhabitants as possible; and to them who agree with us in this peculiarity, we would recommend an excursion upon the Neckar in preference to that of any other river navigable by steam, in Europe.

"Kutscher, gehen sie schneller!" "es ist etwas spat," said we, holding up our watch, for we found it was near seven o'clock.

"Ja, Mein Herr," replied Herr Kutscher, "wir sind jetz am flusse," and sure enough turning a sharp angle of the road, we came right upon the river. "Teufel!" we exclaimed, "there is no ferry here—how are we to get across?" "Halte!" sang out the "Kutscher," taking his pipe from his mouth, and jerking the horses so as to get both them and the carriage up upon a little wooden platform which projected into the stream. As soon as we were fairly upon this, it was pushed off from the bank by a youth with a long pole, who shouted most vigorously during the process. We naturally gave ourselves up for lost as we drifted down the sweeping stream; when, whish! splash! up rose a rope from the water, and we discovered we were attached by it to the opposite bank; so that when the force of the stream had carried us "to the length of our tether," we were naturally righted; and bearing up against the tide, the force of the current, with the strain of the rope, of course hauled us over to the opposite side; but we could not avoid the conclusion that the Germans have a queer way of going to work; for, had a strand of that rope snapped, of course the whole must have given away, and our mortal remains would probably have been found the following morning somewhere about the Rhine.

After a drive of a few miles more amid the most lovely scenery, we came in sight of the "Alte Schloss" of Swingenberg, perched upon a wooded cliff which hangs above the river—for a few moments we could not make up our mind how it was to be reached, and the Herr Kutscher seemed to entertain similar doubts—for stopping deliberately in the centre of the main street of the village, he got out the box and opened the carriage door, bidding us at the same time to alight. "Nein, nein!" said we—"am schloss." Herr Kutscher, however, vouchsafed no reply, save a nod and a stamp, as much as to say "It's no go." We then gave him to understand, as distinctly as we could, that unless he completed his contract of landing us at the castle, we should decline paying him his fare. This threat possibly had the effect of rendering him desperate, for he exclaimed lustily, "Ach Gott!" twice or thrice, and with an angry gesture, seized upon our carpet-bag, which he pulled forth; we were in a dire dilemma. We had a decided objection to appearing before the Markgraf carrying our own luggage. We had, besides, sundry small articles scattered about the carriage, which it would have been extremely inconvenient to collect; we saw no one within call to help us—and, in addition, the situation of the castle seemed so high that we were very dubious whether there were a carriage way up to it at all or not. So just as Herr Kutscher, with a look of great indignation had dashed our carpet bag to the earth—shivering in the process—for we distinctly heard the squash—a flask of Irish whiskey, contained therein, we quietly took up Herr Bauerfreund's rifle—and assuming a scowl of save vengeance, cocked it, and levelled it at the head of the refractory Jehu, informing him at the same time that if he did not instantly convey us up to the castle we should put a "Kugel" through his brains. The poor fellow into whose "kopf" it had never

entered to conceive that the rifle was unloaded, grew horribly frightened, and dropping on his knees, exclaimed that he would take us wherever we pleased. Having then restored our carpet bag to its place he resumed the ribbonds and drove down the street of the little village, at the further extremity of which we found a gate opening into a long avenue of lime trees, and after many a twist and turn at length led us right into the court yard of the old castle.

Swingenberg is the property of the Grand Duke, although the residence of the Herr —, in whose family the office of Forst-meister has been hereditary from time immemorial. It is a queer old place—planted on the top of a wooded hill, with mountains covered with forest stretching away around and behind; as you look upon it from a distance, the effect is imposing. As you draw nearer, you see a huge collection of grey towers, the highest surmounted by an immense conical structure, so big that it looks as if it would topple over every instant. The habitable part of the building consists of four towers—each of them large enough for a good sized dwelling house; and to the south there is an ivied wall surmounted by ramparts, terminating at the further extremity in a large round tower. You enter the castle by a flight of stone steps, with a balustrade, and find yourself in the principal entrance hall—a magnificent apartment, and one which does infinite credit to the architectural taste of the old feudal lord who built it. At one end there is a gigantic lion carved of stone, out of whose mouth flows a cool transparent fountain. Fastened on every side around the walls are the huge branching antlers of stags which have been shot in the surrounding "chasse," each branch having affixed underneath a black board upon which is printed in large letters the name of the person by whose rifle the stag has fallen, the year in which it was killed, and the number of pounds it weighed. Some of these antlers were truly splendid—the number of them was immense. Every room of any consideration in the castle was decorated with similar trophies of the chase; and there was one apartment in particular, more richly furnished than the others, which seemed a private room of the markgraf, the walls were beautifully decorated with the smaller horns of the roebuck—and at one end of which there was a set of the most magnificent elk's horns we had ever beheld.

We were conducted by a stately chasseur, dressed in the Royal livery of green and gold—whose spurs denoted his rank on the staff into the presence of the forst-meister—a jolly old cock as ever our eyes lighted upon—save an immense pair of curling moustaches he seemed the very beau ideal of a bluff Northamptonshire sportsman.

"A snow white head, a merry eye,

A cheek of jolly blush—

The claret tint laid on by health

With Master Reynard's brush."

Right "freundlicher" was his cordial greeting as he introduced us to his daughter, a dark haired graceful fraulein, with eyes of the softest blue, which smiled as kindly a welcome upon us, in their own quiet way, as that of her "Herr Vater."

We had scarcely time to change our travelling dress and return, when supper was served—and such a supper!

Oh, ye, who fare sumptuously in this our good city of Dublin—ye who frequent the houses and devour the dinners of mayors and aldermen—ye who stretch your legs under the well-spread mahogany of judges and magnates of the land—who luxuriate in the rich profusion which is lavished there, and fondly fancy, while feasting on the turbot and the saddle of mutton, which Harry Lorrequer, the witty and the ungrateful (for no one used to eat more of them), used to say were eternal—indulging, vain mortals, in the imagination that you are enjoying a rare banquet; could you but have seen the board which was spread that evening for the repast of the markgraf and your less distinguished countryman, how your mouths would have watered! No gourmand, in his most fanciful dreams of Epicurean enjoyment, has ever pictured to himself the realities of that repast, vands of which it has never entered into your imaginations to conceive the taste, were there in delicate variety—wines of a growth and vintage, which there is not a cellar in your city could furnish, were there in profusion—Steinberger, of the vintage of 1834, cool and delicious, the fragrant bouquet of which perfumed the very air—champaigne, genuine partridge-eye, creamy and sparkling as the nectar of the gods—Rudesheimer, the juice of grapes which hung festooned in purple clusters from the walls of the Schloss Johannisberg; from the mellow ray of the "Chateau Margaux's" most purple grape, to the sunset glow of Burgundy—nothing which the most refined taste of the most fastidious Epicurean could conceive, was wanting. Spite of the brilliant eyes which sparkled opposite us, though we have an Irish heart—spite of the august presence of the markgraf—and we have a loyal reverence for regal blood—we enjoyed ourselves thoroughly, and so happy and so much at home did we feel, that had we been assured it was not a breach of etiquette, we should certainly have asked the markgraf to take wine with us. We were saved, however, from this act of more than doubtful propriety by an intimation that it was his royal highness's pleasure to confer that honor upon us.

"Was wollen sie trinken?" said a commanding voice, of silvery tone.

"Steinberger, gnadige Herr," we replied, with becoming meekness; and a servant having filled our glass to the brim, we bowed with deferential reverence, and a due sense of the gracious condescension vouchsafed to us, thinking, at the same time, how probable it was that until we arrived at the woolsack we should not have an opportunity of drinking wine with a prince again.

CHAPTER II.—COSTUME OF A GERMAN SPORTSMAN—THE JAGD OR CHASSE—THE MARKGRAF MISSES A STAG.

In general we are early risers, but we must plead guilty to an uncommon disinclination to move, as upon the following morning, about five o'clock, we were knocked up, and a cup of cafe having been served, we sallied forth, and commenced our ascent of the mountain—the party consisting of the markgraf, the forst-meister, two or three barons, whose names we have forgotten, but who we were delighted to observe carried guns, nor merely for ornament, and ourselves.

The costume of a German jager appears somewhat strange to those who are accustomed to the trim dress of the English sportsman; and as he is an animal not often seen by our touring countrymen, we may as well describe him. At first sight it appears strange how he can even walk with any comfort; as to shooting, that we confess, until we had opportunity of personal observation, appeared to us quite out of the question. The coat, which is usually made of some very thick warm cloth, is long in the skirts—longer, at least, than any of the shooting jackets we are accustomed to behold; thick cord or leather unspeakables; and huge jack boots, bigger than any guardsman's, are the main articles of his dress. The hat is conical in the crown, and wide in the leaf, like a Spanish sombrero. It is made of green or white felt; and, besides sundry decorations—such as the family crest, if the wearer happen to be a nobleman, or some little fanciful device, if he be of inferior rank—there are usually great



bunches of feathers stuck in the front. Suspended from the shoulders by a broad leather strap hangs at one side, a huge game bag, made of leather or of twisted cord, and along the top of which is a device which we take this opportunity of recommending to such of our Cockney friends as are fond of sporting and at the same time have no desire to conceal their success. It consists of a number of small loops, or running nooses, fastened in a row on the outside of the bag, from which are suspended the heads of any unfortunate birds which happen to fall victims to the sportsman's skill. From the other shoulder, slung by another broad leathern band, depends the gun; and how it could ever be got off in time for firing was to us a marvel. Another leathern strap is fastened somewhere about the person, and at the end of it the setting dog—for he is rarely allowed to range the fields—meekly follows his master, who, thus equipped at all points, with a long pipe in his mouth, and, should the weather happen to be at all cold, a huge bear-skin concern, something like the sporran of a Highlander, in front, for the purpose of thrusting both his hands into, the German sportsman goes forth to the slaughter; and the mode in which he does so is pretty nearly as follows:—

He walks across a field, to where the "trieb" or beat is appointed. He is posted with his back against a tree, and looks listlessly on, while the beaters advance with loud shouts, driving whatever game is in the field before them. A big lump of a hare, something smaller than an Irish calf, comes cantering along, at first apparently unconscious of the least cause of alarm. At last it discovers this singular apparition, and stops short to have a look. The jager meanwhile cocks both barrels; and taking this opportunity to get a quiet aim, raises his gun, covers the hare as well as he can through the haze of tobacco smoke which surrounds him, he fires. The quarry seems surprised at the noise, looks round, and gallops right up to the sportsman, who then gets flurried as he sees it approaching: he endeavors to take a better aim with his second barrel, but the hare comes up so fast, he cannot; if he fires, he may possibly shoot off the extreme end of the tail—if he does not, it puts its best foot foremost, and bolts past at the top of its speed, leaving the sportsman much exasperated and inclined to swear. Such is a scene which we have often witnessed. It is by no means an exaggerated picture of the "trieb," or "jagd," where the sportsmen are drawn up in a hollow square, around a large field, the game found in which is obliged to run the gauntlet through a formidable array of jagers; and although occasionally a good shot is to be found among the German jagers, as a class, they are the worst appointed, the most clumsy, and the slowest sportsmen we have ever had an opportunity of observing.

For the information of our sporting friends, we may as well add, that hunting, properly so called—we mean following game with hounds and horns—is unknown in Germany; and the fields being constantly under crop of one kind or another, such a pastime would be impossible. There are, however, several varieties of the "jagd" which it is proper to mention. There is, first of all, the buschgang, or cover-beating, which, except in well-preserved woods, with opens cut for the purpose of shooting, is a precarious and uncertain sort of amusement enough. It is usually the commencement of the German sportsman's work, and is followed at sunrise. There is then the track, which takes place about noon, where the jagers are posted at one extremity of the wood, while the open country around is beaten; and the pheasants and hares, at that period of the day, being generally out feeding, are shot as they make for the covers. There is then the "trieb" we have just mentioned, which is the method adopted when some baron gives a shooting party. All the people of any note in the neighbourhood are invited; and if there are any good shots amongst them, the slaughter is sometimes considerable, as, from the great number of beaters, every head of game in the country is started; and if the dispositions of the party be very sanguinary, the place beaten is often enclosed with nets, so as to render it impossible for the unfortunate victims to escape.

After a walk of about four miles, amid the most romantic scenery, through paths cut through the forest, we reached a more open country, and fell in with two or three keepers, who seemed on the look out for us.

"Any thing stirring?" said the forst-meister.

"Ja, ja, Mein Herr," replied a tall swarthy fellow, who seemed the chief, and he pointed to two or three tracks on the ground, just on the verge of a deep thicket of pine we had approached.

"What are they?" said we, aloud, for they appeared to us wondrously like the footmarks of an ox.

"Hist! Hist!" grunted the forst-meister, putting his finger on his lips. In dead silence we were placed in our several positions amid the thicket by the swarthy chasseur before mentioned. We were next to the markgraf, who had a splendid double-barrelled rifle, the stock of which was beautifully ornamented with carving. The forst-meister was on the other side, and each of us about thirty yards from the other, but in such a position that we could distinctly observe all that was going on. When the rest of the party had thus been planted, the keepers, making a detour, went off, and left us to our own devices for nearly an hour, which was spent uncomfortably enough, and during the slow course of which we often mourned the loss of our flask of whiskey. The markgraf, however, lit a pipe, and we followed his example by blowing a comfortable cloud. At last the faint winding of a horn was heard in the distance, and we saw the markgraf unslung his rifle, which was fastened in the usual way by a strap behind, and deliberately cock it. Another long pause, and a crash, as if something was tearing down the trees, succeeded. The markgraf stepped forward a pace or two—the noise increased—a loud shout, echoed by twenty voices, followed, and forth from the forest, between the markgraf and ourselves, burst a most magnificent red deer, with enormous antlers. Never having seen such a monster, we were breathless with astonishment. As he paused for one brief moment, snuffing the air, he looked indeed the king of forests, and then dashed forward: the markgraf, bending down on one knee, waited until the deer got about twenty yards past him, then crack went his first barrel, and we saw a splinter fly from one of the antlers. This alarmed the deer a little. With a mighty bound he sprang forward, and stretched away at the top of his speed. Now, thought we, he has him, as we saw the markgraf, still retaining his stooping position, with one elbow resting on his knee, follow him slowly and steadily with his rifle; steady was his aim, as the bright barrel gleamed in the morning sun. Our anxiety was intense. Another crack! We shaded our eyes with our hands; the smoke cleared off, and, teufel! there was the deer stretching away up the mountain as if nothing had happened, and, save the loss of the tip of his horn, evidently not a bit the worse.

"Well," we unconsciously ejaculated, "The Grossherzog's brother must be a d—d bad shot; had we preserved our presence of mind, we could have hit him ourselves—he was as big as a bullock."

We all assembled together, and a council of war was held, in which it was deliberated what was to be done next; and we had an opportunity of ascertaining the interesting fact, that human nature is pretty much the same in all countries, and that humbug is not indigenous to the Emerald Isle.

"Gnadige Herr," said the forst-meister solemnly, "you have hit that stag hard."

"I ought to have killed him the first shot, but he was rather near me, and I was afraid of shooting the Herr Irlander," replied the markgraf.

"We are glad your highness did not make game of us," said we, in German, unable to resist the opportunity of perpetrating a vile pun.

"He will certainly die," added the tall chasseur, consolingly, advancing an assertion, the truth of which was undeniable.

"Don't you wish you may get him?" said we, in our vernacular.

"Was! Herr Irlander," said the markgraf, raising his eyebrows.

"Ich habe gesagt, Gnadige Herr, dass dieses nacht sie sollen ihn haben," said we, adroitly.

"He was too far off when the last shot was fired," obsequiously suggested a baron who stood near.

"Quite," replied the markgraf; "I might as well have shot at the moon."

Having thus gently smoothed down his royal highness's wounded feelings, we bent our steps to a mountain some distance off, in which, the chasseur informed us, a large herd of deer had been seen the night before.

"I wish to heaven, baron," said we to the forst-meister, "you would desire that very ugly-looking keeper of yours to turn his gun in some other direction; wherever we go, we are sure to see the muzzle pointed right at us: we have spoken twice to him, but he only grins, and looks more savage than before."

"That, Herr Irlander," replied the forst-meister, laughing, "is one of the finest fellows in Baden; he is the best keeper I have; but I acknowledge you have some cause for feeling nervous, for he has committed two murders. He was one of the most desperate poachers in the state, and having a great objection to be taken, he occasionally shot a keeper who had temerity enough to attempt his capture. Having at length either quarrelled with his associates, or grown tired of his wandering life, he came to me, making overtures of pacific nature, and promising amendment. He has now been in my service for several years, and is the most resolute and determined, as well as the most faithful keeper I ever had. He has single-handed captured several poachers, nearly as desperate as he was once himself. He can occasionally also indulge in his homicidal propensities, as by our law a poacher may be shot, if taken in the act, with as much impunity as a hare."

## THE BOYS IN THE STREETS.

BY ALBERT SMITH.

### THE EARLY DAYS OF THE BOYS.

There are several spots in which with very little trouble you may see the embryo boys to great advantage. During fine weather they swarm in broad-paved courts, or *cul-de-sacs* in crowded neighbourhoods. Punch's show is a capital ground-bait for them, bringing a hundred instantaneously together, where not a single one was visible a minute before. On the broken ground, about to be formed into a new street, or built upon, you may at all times make sure of them. The more irregular it is the more they love it, and if the cellar arches are already built the attraction is paramount to every other, except, perhaps, the spot where wood pavement is being taken up, or put down; for there they storm and defend forts, or make perilous excursions over mountains all day long.

The boys in this tadpole state—which reptile they somewhat resemble in their active wriggling, and love of puddles of water—stand only in awe of one person, and that is the policeman. Their notions of his functions are somewhat vague; but they are certain he can take them up and punish them—for nothing, and from mere wantonness—whenever he pleases. They spy him out quicker than a crow in a field does a man with a gun; if you suddenly see a flying army of street children bolting from a court or round a corner in terror, you may be certain that a policeman is close at hand. At a more mature age, they will chaff him and run away; but at present their belief in his greatness is unbounded. He would be the Giant or the Dragon of their nursery story-books; but in the first place they have no books, and, in the second, no nursery to read them in. And, indeed, the reading is, itself, a question.

The children of the London streets are acute from their birth. The very babies, crawling on the kerb, or burrowing in the dust of a building-plot, have a cunning expression of face which you do not find in the white-headed country infants; and, as soon as they can run alone their sharpness breaks forth most palpably—they are never to be "done." In fact, as far as their wits are concerned, they are never children, but miniature men.

We have said that it is only in fine weather you see them about, and then they come out like gnats, and are just as troublesome, especially if you are driving. We have no clear notions of what becomes of them when it is wet; we hardly imagine that the neighbouring houses can contain the swarms that we have spoken of. If they do, we pity the other dwellers: we conceive on no other portion of the community can a continuance of rain bring so many discomforts.

The street children have no regular toys: they have seen them in small shop windows, and on stalls, and long barrows, but never possessed any: all they have they invent. Not that their playthings are the less diverting on this account; in any circle of life you may give a child the costliest toys with which it will only be amused for a time, to return to the mere furniture of the nursery. We question if the noblest horse and cart just bought opposite St. Dunstan's Church, or in any of the bazaars, ever excited half so much whip-enthusiasm in the young charioteer as the footstool harnessed to the rocking-chair. No boxes of bricks would amuse the street child so much as the oyster-shells with which he makes the grotto: he would not care half so much for a trap and ball as for his little "tip-cat" of wood, cut from a fire-bundle: and he has no occasion to buy large marbles when the first heap of pebbles will find him in as many "boncers" as he wishes. You will seldom see these street children with dolls. They would not know what to do with them; for never having been nursed, fondled, dressed, or put to bed themselves, they are incompetent to exhibit the same attentions to sham infants.

But they can set up ninepins of brickbats and broken bottles; and make carts of old saucepans to fill with rubbish and drag after them; and lay out banquets of dirt dressed in various fashions upon services of bits of tile and crockery, and tureens of old shoes. And as all these things can be immediately replaced when broken, and excite no sorrow when lost, their state is, in this respect, rather to be envied than otherwise.

And so, leading a life all holidays, and turning the great world into a play-room for his special enjoyment, the street infant passes to the boy.

### THE BOYS, PROPERLY SO CALLED.

"The Boys" are as characteristic of our streets as the *Gamins* are of the

Quais and canal-banks of Paris. Let us consider a general type of their class.

He hath eight years of existence to answer for. He weareth a paper cap, or a cloth one without a peak, set forward on his head, which he considereth knowing. He standeth on his head with ease, and without apparent necessity to do so; and is outdone only by the sable musician of Ethiopia, whom the gallery honoureth by the name of "Bones," in his handling the castanet bits of slate. He danceth, to piano-organs, a measure not taught by any advertising professors; and at times waggishly turneth the handle himself, to the indignation of the Genoese performer. On being remonstrated with, he sparreth playfully at the foreigner, treateth his hat with insult by compressing it as though it were a French mechanical one, and then runneth away.

He loveth all street performances, but contributeth nothing to their support, albeit he taketh the front place. He followeth a fire-engine with ardour, and when no one is looking, bloweth a lusty note through the metal hose-pipe; after which, he runneth to the opened water-plug, which he compresseth with his shoe, and causeth the stream to spirt over the passengers,—which diversion he concludeth by pushing the little brother of some other boy into it. And then he quarrelleth with the other boy, and saith, "I should like to see you do it!" But on neither side is anything ever done.

He loveth the freedom of shirt-sleeves, and doth not think an apron beneath him, so that he tucketh it up. He returneth speedy answers intended to wound the feelings of those reproving him—and by this token it is dangerous to chaff him. He detecteth rapidly peculiarities in dress, and hath an ideal type, which he calleth "a swell out of luck." And he doth not think the question "Does your mother know you're out?" at all worn-out or *passé*, but still indulgeth in it,—imagining thereby that he inflicteth a pang whose sharpness precludes reply. If he runneth against you, he will turn away reproof by saying first, "Now then, spooney! can't you see where you're a drivin' on?"

His whistle abroad (which, disguise it as they may, all composers covet) suggesteth the air that shall be encoined above all others: his by-word of the day causeth the laugh which Mrs. Keeley, Miss P. Horton, and Miss Woolgar love to provoke; and, above all, his "Bravo!" from the height of the Haymarket, Lyceum, or Adelphi, chiefly inspiriteth both audience and actors. For he is no mean feature as connected with "the present state of the drama." His voice keepeth the scene-shifters to their duty; his call, from the gallery, of "Higher!" hath power to raise the very skies; and he even commandeth Macready to "speak up!" when contiguous noise drowneth the sound of the eminent voice. And he often dispelleth the *cramis* of the audience during the *cats' arte*, by making his dangerous journey along the front of the rails from one side of the house to the other, when he wisheth to exchange greetings with a half-price friend. He believeth that the whole orchestra is composed but of fiddlers, for he mentioneth them all as "catgut-scrappers;" and he crieth out perpetually, throughout the entertainment, for "Bill Simmuns!" whom he expecteth to join him. He is anxious that every body who is noisy, except himself, should be thrown over, or turned out; but he liketh the commandatory rather than the executive power.

He hath a merit of discovering ephemeral horsemen and livery-stable nags, with a quickness scarcely inferior to that of a turnpikeman; and if he detecteth in the equestrian a nervous temperament, he calleth out, "You'd better get inside, sir." Or he kindly saith, "Mind his tail, sir, or else it'll be shook off," or he facetiously recommendeth him "to lay hold tight by his ears." And to all coachmen he cryeth "Whip behind!" more especially when there is nothing to whip. Or he telleth John Thomas to "look sharp after his calves, or else they'll pull him off his perch!"

To coachmen generally he is a terror, and to none more than those who are waiting outside the theatres, half-asleep upon their boxes, with their whips hanging over the pavement; for the thoughts of these he tuggeth in succession, exclaiming, "My eyes! there's a bite!" as the lash flieth back, and possibly waketh the dozing Jehu with a cut across the face. And also by anglers at the Serpentine he is held in dread, inasmuch as he constantly recommendeth the fisherman to "pull him up, sir," when there is no necessity. Or he examineth the contents of the fish-kettle uninvited; or if the bites do not arrive so quickly as he desireth, he maketh artificial ones by pelting at the float, thereby causing it to bob. And this hath been known to disturb the fish in no small measure, so that they incontinently depart to distant waters; and is above all others an intrusion which your angler cannot abide. But herein doth lie the boy's greatest pleasure.

#### OF THE REASONABLE RATE AT WHICH THE BOY PROCURES HIS AMUSEMENTS. OF HIS REFRESHMENTS.

The sources of income of the Boy are numerous; but at the same time their results are small; and so he is driven to patronize those sports and pastimes of the people of England which require the least outlay. His living is either earned or picked up. By the first we mean that he may be in a regular place; but if he is detained in-doors many of his most striking characteristics are destroyed, for confinement to him is like a flower-pot to a forget-me-not. He must have air, and light, and water, and plenty of them, or he loses his richest attributes; and so, of the ways of living he prefers the second. When you land at the dock, he is there, anxious to carry your carpet-bag the greatest possible distance for the smallest conceivable amount; or if you shoot a cab flying in the street, he opens the door, pushes you in, bangs it to again, and touches the place where his hat ought to be if he had one, before you know he is near you. He will run miles after your horse, even after saluting you as aforesaid, upon the chance of holding it; and were he certain that you would make a long call, he would endeavour to turn a few dishonest halfpence by letting the aristocracy of his class have a short ride. But this is a species of money-making attended with some risk.

All these payments, however, are a long time making up the sum of a shilling; and when he gets this together, he goes to the play on a Monday evening, not caring how early he arrives, or how long he waits at the gallery-door. Indeed, his patient expectation at this post appears to be part of the evening's entertainment; for he will cluster there with his fellows sometimes as early as half-past four. And spending his money in this way, he has none left for promiscuous diversions; and so he studies in what way the greatest amount of amusement can be procured for nothing, or at least, next to it.

All street-amusements, depending for support on the voluntary contributions of the bystanders, we have before observed, he liberally patronizes—with his presence; at times contributing to their effect by allowing the wandering necromancer to fasten the padlock on his cheek, or becoming the victim whose head is to be cut off the minute ninipence more is thrown into the ring, to make up the sum under which the decapitation, by some mysterious law of nature, cannot be performed. But in this respect the boy is pretty safe; for the ring

of coppers into it, without ever getting the sum to rise above sevenpence half-penny.

Generally speaking, all the enjoyments which those who have money purchase, the Boy procures for nothing. He gets to the Derby by riding behind a number of vehicles, and changing them as he is successively whipped off. He sees an execution from a lamp post, even obscuring the view of those wealthy amateurs in such matters who have paid a high rent for the first floor of the Lamb Coffee-house. The crater of Mount Vesuvius at the Surry Zoological Gardens is sufficiently visible, above the palings, to allow him to enter into all the glories of the rockets and eruptions, from the road; and he sees much more of Mr. Green in his balloon, from Kennington Lane, than any of the company who have paid for admission to behold what is termed "the process of filling," consisting of the diverting application of a gas-pipe for several hours to a valve at the bottom of the huge looming machine in question, and not being a sight, in the abstract, provocative of great joy or merriment.

At fairs and festivals it has long been received as a fact that the outside of the shows is the best part of the performance; and this the Boy enjoys to the utmost. He sees all the actors, and then, if he chooses, he can hear the dialogue of the tragedy, and the comic song of the countryman, by listening at the side of the canvass theatre. He gets a ride in the merry-go-round by contributing his share of communicated force to impel it, or responding to the master's command of "Holler, boys!" and raising a shout of enthusiasm to light up the glow of ardour in the breasts of waverers, who are debating between the hobby-horse and the half-penny. And he sometimes, even, is admitted to the grand arena of Equitation, as a reward for forming one of the awkward squad which Mr. Merriman drills on the platform. At races he lies down at the feet of the people at the ropes, and gets a better view than anybody else; and at reviews he comes off equally well by climbing a tree.

Whatever the Boy does not spend at the theatre goes in things to eat. For his consumption are those remarkable penny ham sandwiches chiefly manufactured, as well as the numerous unintelligible comestibles sold on the stalls which border the pavement. In fact, the kurb is his club, offering all the advantages of one of those institutions, without any subscription or ballot.

We believe that of late years the taste of the Boy in the matter of street refreshments, is altering for the better; and we are led to think so by the improvements which the travelling vendors of them are making in their establishments, and which now appeal to his artistic feelings rather than his idle curiosity. We remember the time when kidney puddings—uninviting constructions of the size of small oranges—were sold in the New Cut; and the stalls were adorned with rude transparencies to catch the eye of the Boys. We recollect there was the courier of St. Petersburg riding six horses at once for a kidney-pudding—a small reward, it is true, after such a perilous journey, but characteristic of the contentment of the Russian empire. And there was Richmond winning the kidney-pudding from Richard III. by single combat,—the viand, without doubt, being intended to typify England in general; and on another lantern was Mr. Grimaldi as clown, making a face, with a string of sausages hanging out of his pocket. The connexion of this with the subject was somewhat vague, unless it was intended to show him as he appeared after swallowing a kidney pudding. If this was the case, the expression of his face was not favourable to the desire of following his example. But now all these things are gone: the vendor no longer makes a hole in the pudding with his finger, and pours in something like lamp-oil and hot water shaken together, from a ginger-beer bottle. The stall is a portable kitchen in itself, with three elegant brass lamps at the top, in lieu of the paper lanterns; the kidney puddings have yielded to *casseroles* of a less ambiguous description. The neighbouring ginger-beer stand boasts elegant glass apparatus, and tumblers instead of mugs, and is even elaborately painted in arabesque patterns. One we saw, the other day, upon wheels, was green, and red, and gold; and on it was written *La Polka*. The general effect was good, but the analogy was difficult to trace. However, one thing is certain: the merchants have found that Boys now bestow the greatest patronage upon the most elegant stalls, and ornament them accordingly.

But of all these eating-stands, the chief favourite with the Boys is the potatoe-can. They collect round it, as they would do on 'Change, and there talk over local matters, or discuss the affairs of the adjoining cabstand, in which they are at times joined by the waterman, whom they respect,—more so perhaps than they do the policeman, certainly more than they do the square-keeper, for him they especially delight to annoy. And they watch any of their fellows eating a potatoe, with a curiosity and an attention most remarkable, as if no two persons fed in the same manner, and they expected something strange or diverting to happen at every mouthfull.

#### OF THE FINAL DESTINATIONS OF THE BOYS.

We believe that if birds or animals, who have been taken into private life, are again cast forth upon the world, their fellows directly insult—not to say pitch into them—in a cruel and heartless manner.

And it is so with the Boys. The instant one of them is thrown into society—by which we mean some position above that of the mere errand boy or printer's devil, in either of which situations he is still, to all intents and purposes, the *gamin* we have been describing—that instant he is turned into game for his late companions. If he is a "page," they will ask him "what he will take for his jacket without the buttons?" If he is a doctor's boy, arrayed in that comical conventional costume which medical men put their lads into—that sad struggle to combine the groom, footman, tiger, page, and knife-cleaner all in one—they will, if he is in the gig, shout out "Ullow, Doctor!" after him, to the indignation of his master; and if he is on foot with the oil-skin covered basket, they will stop him, attempt to bonnet him, and insist on looking into it. And here it sometimes happens, that instead of draughts and mixtures, they will discover half-pounds of tea, eggs, or, indeed, mutton-chops. For one of the earliest maxims instilled into the mind of the doctor's boy, is, never to go out without his basket. It looks professional, and gives neighbours the idea of extensive practice. Whereas three draughts carried in the hand, bear four-and-sixpence on the very face of them. If he turns his thoughts towards learning the art and mystery of a baker, they will rap on his basket as he carries it on his shoulder, or even go so far as to call him "Doughy"; or at night when they see him down in the hot lighted cellars, under neath the places where the pavement is always dry when it rains, and the snow always thaws when it falls, they will say, "I say, Joe, how are you off for hallum?" or allude to "bones" and "sally moniac" and other popular prejudices. If he is a butcher they do not insult him except at a great distance, or when he has got a heavy tray of meat that he cannot well put down. For they know that in this state he is pugnacious; and that, unlike his threats in the boy state of existence, if he says he will punch their heads he is pretty safe to do it.

We have done with the boys as they grow up, for then they cease to be so, and we lose all interest in them. Few of their attributes remain: they become



grave and dull : you would not recognise in the porter, the journeyman, or the carman, any of the eccentricities that marked their early career. The only positions in which their repartee remains of use to them, and is still cultivated, are those of omnibus cads, cab drivers, and the touters at the pier heads of rival steamboat companies.

### THE ACCOMMODATION BILL.

BY ELINOR RICH.

It was somewhat before his usual hour of business that Charles Percival, the proprietor of a respectable trading establishment in the environs of London, might have been seen to enter his counting-house, and throw himself into a chair with an air of extreme dissatisfaction. Seeing that it still wanted a few minutes to the time for which he had received an appointment, he took a memorandum-book from his pocket, and slowly conning its pages, gave vent to his disturbed feelings in certain monosyllabic ejaculations.

At length a gentle tap was heard at the door, and a man of apparent respectability entered the office. The compliments of the morning were briefly exchanged; and the new-comer seated himself with the familiarity of an old acquaintance.

"So, Percival," he began, at the same time taking a pinch of snuff from a silver box, which he passed across the table to his friend, "you really cannot assist me in this unpleasant business?"

"I really do not see how I can Mr. Johnson. My own engagements are extremely heavy, and everything of late has been excessively dull. In fact, if you cannot pay the bill when it is presented, I have but one alternative."

"But surely," replied Johnson, with a searching glance of mingled apprehension and defiance, "you would not law an old friend!"

"I would do nothing, my dear sir, to inconvenience any man alive, unless circumstances compelled me. But how am I to act? So far from being prepared to meet an emergency like this, I have all along calculated upon receiving the balance of your account."

"Oh, as for that," was the cool retort of Johnson, pausing for an instant, with a fresh supply of the 'real Irish' between his finger and thumb, "it's quite out of the question; so you must make up your mind to wait. I have spent all my capital on the buildings, and, I may as well tell you candidly, shall not possess a shilling until I sell or effect a mortgage;" and, seeing the discomfiture of his friend at this announcement, he assumed an air of complacent indifference, and formally concluded the olfactory manipulation in which he had suffered a moment's interruption.

The temper of Percival was by no means a choleric one, but many circumstances had of late conspired to make him somewhat excitable. Johnson owed him a large sum of money, for the want of which he was obliged to suffer many advantages to pass by unimproved. At length he had succeeded in procuring the defaulter's acceptance of a bill of exchange, which would fall due on the morrow, and, as it now appeared, must either be taken up by Percival himself, or be openly dishonoured.

"Really, this is too bad," he exclaimed, rising from his chair with vexation; "You keep me in the dark until the last moment, and then plainly tell me I must pay your debts or lose my own character. Is it possible, Mr. Johnson, I can be deceived in you?" he added, suddenly confronting him.

"In other words, you mean to ask whether I intend to honest? I am not, however, disposed to quarrel with you. It is true I have no ready money at present, but the property will very soon realize something handsome; and all I ask is, that you will help me over a month or two."

"I would most gladly, but I rather need assistance myself," was the unwary rejoinder; and a sudden sense of the absolute truth which it conveyed to his companion subdued the ebullition in which Percival had indulged, and brought him to his seat with an irresolute and melancholy air. Johnson eagerly embraced the opportunity offered by this exhibition of weakness.

"Then I'll tell you what we must do to get over our difficulties. In the first place, I will give you another acceptance for all I owe you, in exchange for one of yours, and then mortgage or sell at once to meet the bills as they fall due."

"But, you know, I always object to this mode of dealing."

"Oh, it's all in the way of trade; only you're so very particular; and, besides, what else can be done under the circumstances?"

The conversation, which we need not follow in detail, now assumed a more friendly tone on both sides: in fine, the bills were severally drawn, much to the satisfaction of Mr. Johnson, who, armed with the good name and credit of his friend, had no longer any doubt of withdrawing his acceptance on the morrow. Percival also, by this arrangement, expected to receive a supply of ready cash; but the risk he ran far outweighed even in his own estimation, when he calmly reflected upon the transaction, any immediate benefit he could receive. His supposed friend might prove treacherous, or, if not, his affairs might become involved—perhaps illness or death might overtake him. Yet this, unfortunately, is the prevailing method of conducting business. No sooner does a little difficulty occur, which in many cases prudence might prevent, or industry and self-denial overcome, than the fatal facilities by the bill system are put in requisition, and the most intricate paths of mercantile policy entered upon—rashly, blindly, dishonestly. It frequently happens that one of the parties to these transactions is a designing scoundrel, who finds a short-lived advantage in the other's folly, and leads him to irretrievable ruin.

In order to ascertain how far these remarks are applicable to Percival and Johnson, we will introduce our readers to a more intimate acquaintance with each of them, and endeavour to portray the little incidents of the evening which closed the day of the above transaction.

Charles Percival returned home as usual in the early part of the evening, and immediately his little Alicia, upon whose brow the rosy light of five summers reposed in the freshness of its beauty, bounded with a gleesome step to her father's side, and greeted him with a child's welcome of love; but an unwonted shadow seemed to cloud his countenance, and, after the first few moments of gratulation, the playful sallies of the child were all unregarded; so she crept to her mother's side, seeming to feel that her spirit was rebuked.

The evening meal, as might be expected after such a prelude, passed over in silence; for Mrs. Percival had sufficient of true womanly intelligence to feel that a husband's confidence is not to be won by abrupt and pointed questioning. It was her aim, on occasions like the present, rather to awaken his kindlier feelings by a tacit acquiescence in the humour of the moment, than by the exhibition of that careless good-fellowship which is sometimes regarded as the most unexceptionable means of reclaiming an absent heart. The heart of Charles Percival, however, was not wont to be estranged; and even now, while he brooded over the conceptions of future difficulty and danger, which had rapidly succeeded each other in his mind, it was the thought of his beloved home, and the hardship that might be entailed upon his family in the event of his friend's failure,

which embittered his reflections. In this mood, the smiles of his little one could but awaken a more heart-searching melancholy. Her silence, therefore, and her mother's sensitive kindness, formed for him, even at his own hearth, a solitude in which the strongest feelings of his nature might gradually subside, and allow the gentle stream of home-affection to roll on in its accustomed channel. He might, indeed, for a time appear wholly absorbed in his own reflections, and apparently unmindful of his wife's solicitude; but as the light of home kindled in his heart, and the gloom cleared from his brow, a rich reward was hers in the fulness of her confidence, and the trusting faith with which he reposed on her truthful and hopeful counsels.

Her clear preception of right and wrong was expressed on the present occasion with more than her usual decision, but with a proportionate increase of affectionate zeal for his honour and welfare. Earnestly endeavouring to point out the fallacies by which men of business too frequently suffer themselves to be misled, she appealed to his own conscience whether the transaction of the morning was not a deception in the worst sense of the word. "Mr. Johnson," she remarked, "is considerably in your debt; and not only so, but he confesses the necessity he is under, in consequence of trading beyond his means, of dishonouring a bill rightfully drawn and accepted in the regular way of business. This single fact proves him to be a man unworthy of your confidence; for it clearly shows that he cannot restrain his speculative disposition within the bounds of prudence. Your true interest, therefore, if you will pardon my rebellious tongue, dear husband, would consist in closing your account with him; and whatever inconvenience the loss might occasion to myself, trust me, Charles, I would willingly endure it. Unfortunately, you have suffered his words to beguile you, and, while kindly thinking of your own family, have furnished him with a recommendation to every tradesman in the town, upon which he may increase his credit to an indefinite extent, and do tenfold mischief to the families of others."

"In this at least, Anne, you are mistaken. He has no recommendation from me, I assure you, and never will have, until I am better satisfied of his integrity."

"Your very name, my dear Charles, on the accommodation bill is a recommendation; and is it not a gross deception upon society, that, at the very moment when he owes you a large sum of money, you give the world a written certificate that you are in his debt? But the result of this affair," she added playfully, little thinking with what prophetic truth she spoke, "will furnish a new text for my argument, and then we shall see."

The conversation having arrived at this point, was abruptly turned by Mrs. Percival to other subjects. A masked ball was appointed to take place that evening at the assembly rooms, not far from their residence. The merits and demerits of this exhibition were the subject of debate, when a carriage was heard approaching, and in a few moments a visitor was ushered into their presence in the person of Tom Mason, the accepted admirer of Mrs. Percival's sister. He was not the less welcome, after a conversation so grave as that we have recorded, for the laughter excited by his grotesque appearance—being habited for the masquerade in the melancholy garb of a Harlequin of the olden times, and wearing a long gray beard. His ready wit and good humour were soon evinced in the bantering which passed from side to side. But the fair Matilda, who had agreed to play Miranda to this veritable Prospero, was awaiting his arrival at the enchanted hall, and thither we will take the liberty of following him.

Our purpose in mingling with the gay throng is neither pleasure nor pastime; we therefore single out the objects of our pursuit, and at once resume the thread of our narrative.

One of the dances had but just ended, when our potent magician was beckoned aside by a superbly-dressed masquerader—a king or an emperor at the least—who, as they moved towards a retired part of the room, was heard to mutter something about the difficulties of business: but thus it ever is with your great men.

"Oh, a plague on your business to-night," was Tom's hasty reply; "you're always in some difficulty. But what is it you want, for I see my Maud has already discovered that I am playing the truant?"

"Why, the fact is," replied his interlocutor in a coaxing tone, "I want a bill discounted the first thing in the morning, and unless you can oblige me, I hardly know how to accomplish it."

"Well, I'm sorry for you, but paper money is rather out of my way just now. Scrip, you know," added the waggish magician with a significant wink.

"No; honour bright, I assure you. In fact, the bill is accepted by your own particular friend, Percival. No suspicion of kite-flying in that quarter, I hope?"

"Well, I believe not; and if the amount is not too large, I'll try what I can do for you. But hark'ee, Johnson; eleven o'clock at soonest, after such a night as I mean to make of it."

And so saying, Tom rejoined his fair companion, whom he led through the maze dance with a joyous spirit; for he was really proud of her beauty and accomplishments, and a few months would make her his own. Though associated for a brief space with the heartless and the frivolous—of which quality a large proportion of such midnight revellers too often consist—it was nevertheless impossible that the lovers could become insensible to their own earnest purpose. The realities of life had so moulded the disposition of each, that they deemed their approaching union the seal of a solemn contract not only with each other but with society at large. It is true, and by no means ought such a truth reflect anything save the goodness of their hearts, their ideal of happiness was somewhat coloured by romance, and grounded on extravagant plans of benevolence; but, on the whole, their expectations were rational and well founded. Mr. Mason had hitherto prospered in business, and the little surplus which he had realised over his floating capital was amply sufficient for the wants of a first establishment. Under these circumstances, their minds were by no means absorbed by thoughts of selfish pleasure; and, being ever careful to preserve the conscience void of all offence, no heart-burnings or vain regrets could follow the innocent hilarity with which they enjoyed an occasional interruption into the domain of mirth and humour.

Johnson, on the contrary, was unaccompanied by any real friend on this occasion—a circumstance affording in itself presumptive evidence against a man of pleasure, since it shows a lamentable want of the finer sensibilities in social intercourse. How he passed the hours intervening between the close of the ball and high noon on the morrow, we care not to inquire; suffice it that, about the time mentioned, he called on Tom for the redemption of his promise, and went to sleep in his chair before the check could be drawn. When aroused from this utter oblivion by the voice of his good-natured friend, a resort to his unfailing expedient, the snuff box, served well enough to close the business with an air of self-possession, and help him across the threshold without stumbling. It now only remained to pay the amount of Percival's draft which he mechanically accomplished, and then farewell to any anxiety on his part for three months longer.

It is one of the worst features of the traffic in these paper securities, that its legitimate functions are too often overruled by expediency; and one expedient begets another, until they become so involved, as to assume the fatal aspect of necessity. Percival, in assenting to the accommodation proposed by Johnson, saw clearly enough that he was risking double the amount of the original debt; but he had no suspicion that his own hand had forged the chain by which his future operations would be impeded, and which—unless, like an Alexander of his class, he had genius enough to cut the knot by a straightforward resort to principles in place of policy—might ultimately starve him into acquiescence with the meanest proposals. It was not long, however, before he began to perceive that he was in the toils.

For certain reasons, known to no one as well as themselves, the lovers had fixed an early day for the wedding—a period within two months after their appearance at the *bal masque*. The preparation for this important event occasioned what Mason termed 'a hard pull' upon his banker's account; and the rate of discount being somewhat higher than usual, he was unwilling to appear solicitous for any immediate favours. But as he held Percival's acceptance, and had no reason to suppose that his friend was in difficulties, he determined upon asking him to honour it about three weeks before it became due. On intimating to Percival that such a course would do him considerable service, no objection was made. Too prudent to explain his circumstances, and too proud to confess to the real nature of the transaction, Percival promised the money in a day or two, and naturally fell back upon Johnson for the supply.

That gentleman now saw the predicament in which his dupe was placed, and pleaded his utter inability to meet such an unexpected demand. He had made arrangements for mortgaging the property, but it would be some days before he could draw any portion of the money. Here, then, it seemed expedient to exchange bills once more—a transaction by which Percival's risk of loss was tripled; for Johnson's first acceptance was taken up with money raised on Percival's security, and that security was now redeemed before its time by Percival himself, and another issued in its room. This complication of troubles, however, was but a beginning of difficulties. The completion of the promised mortgage was now deferred, under the pretence that the houses were not yet habitable, and the mortgagee would not be troubled with them in their unfinished condition. At length Percival was induced to provide materials and workmen, hereby exhausting all his resources and his credit in the desperate hope of retrieving his first false step. That ultimate success would crown his efforts, he never doubted; for, by the advice of his wife, he had obtained what he considered a fair guarantee for the risk—a *lien* upon the property—which he was now straining every nerve to bring into the market. Meantime bills were freely exchanged, and frequent renewals on every hand became a thing of course.

Long before the property was ready to dispose of, Percival had become deeply involved; but the guarantee, which he thought he had been fortunate in securing, was the sheet-anchor to which he clung. Under the most unfavourable circumstances, even supposing a forced sale to be unavoidable, a much larger sum would be realised than would suffice to discharge every obligation, and the profit upon the extra labour would well enough repay the anxiety he had suffered: as to the morality of the means by which he had first supported the credit of Johnson, and finally his own, that he reasoned away by an appeal to the necessity under which he had acted. Alas! the conviction of its utter fallacy was to be forced upon him by a fearful awakening reverse.

As the work approached completion, he observed, with some degree of uneasiness, that Johnson frequently absented himself for days together, and even began to neglect the precautions they had adopted for warding off suspicion as to the nature of their bill transactions. After a day of considerable anxiety on this account, he returned home to seek, in the bosom of his family, that oblivion of the care-producing world which could alone restore his wonted serenity. For some time past his wife had carefully avoided the mention of a subject upon which she was aware he felt so anxiously, as that of Johnson's conduct; but his increasing despondency weighed heavily on her mind; and seeing now that he tried in vain to assume a cheerfulness which was evidently far from his heart, she took an opportunity, in the course of the evening, to make inquiry, and learnt with surprise the grounds which existed for renewed suspicions of treachery on the part of Johnson, as well as the total ruin which its success would entail upon themselves. A retrospect of all the circumstances suggested so many causes of alarm as to the validity of the guarantee held by Percival, that it was resolved to seek satisfaction on the morrow, though it might confirm their worst fears, and hasten the catastrophe.

On this errand Percival departed early in the morning, and in two short hours returned with an age of care marked upon his brow, and a torrent of indignation boiling in his veins. The agitation of his manner was too extreme to escape the notice of his wife as he suddenly entered the sitting-room. The issue of his inquiries was too evidently the utter prostration of their hopes, to need either question or answer. He took a few turns across the apartment without uttering a syllable, and then suddenly paused on observing, for the first time, the little Alicia cowering before his angry glance, and really fearing to smile or speak. This was too much for a father's heart, and he moved hastily towards the door; but his wife threw herself upon his bosom, and with streaming eyes intreated him to be calm. "Their own unalterable love for each other would lend to every hardship they overcame the charms of a triumph; and as for the unprincipled hypocrite by whom they had been deluded," she added, "leave him to enjoy his dearly-purchased success—at best, a short career of sordid iniquity, and a feverish joy in life."

But Percival had not yet summoned philosophy of calm religion to his aid, and this allusion to his enemy seemed to smite him with a fresh plague of wrathful indignation.

"My curse upon him," he muttered between his teeth—"the curse of a ruined family; and may it rankle in his treacherous heart until he feel as wretched as I do!"

"For shame, Charles; for shame," exclaimed Mrs. Percival in a low tone, placing her finger on his lips. "The curse of evil needs no invocation; for, alas! it grows with the growth of wickedness in the will itself. But look you, my love," she suddenly added, gazing into his eyes with intense affection, "if we are to be tried in the fires of temptation, be assured we shall lose nothing but dross and corruption; and, please God, we will resume our pilgrimage, poorer, maybe, in the sight of the world, but richer in heart than heretofore."

"I can hardly hope it, Anne. When I think of the change wrought by that consummate villain, and the power of evil everywhere, I feel nothing but indignation and unmeasured abhorrence—"

"There—stop, my dear Charles; suffer that indignation to expand its force, but control its direction with your own earnest will. Its rightful mission is to overturn every disorderly passion in our own breasts; and would God," she continued with a sigh, "it might always spring up in the mind of the wrong-doer like the east wind in the desert, and stifle every evil with its hot breath!"

"In that case," added Percival, whose severity had gradually relaxed, "I suppose you think there would be some hope of such a rogue as Johnson? But come, you bade me God-speed when I departed on this unlucky errand, and it is but right you should know what has occurred."

Percival then informed his wife that the guarantee to which he had trusted was utterly useless, Johnson having previously mortgaged the property to his father, who had now, in right of the deed taken full possession. Everything else to which the creditors might have preferred a claim, was secured with equal cunning—even the household furniture being seized, under a pretended distress for rent; and not a single good debt that he could hear of towards paying the expenses of a commission of bankruptcy.

This account was disheartening enough; but their own affairs needed every energy. It was certain the satisfaction of every demand would leave them houseless and penniless. Should they now candidly avow the circumstance, and pay the uttermost farthing, or temporise with their creditors, in order to make advantageous terms? The mazy labyrinth of policy had already been tried; and it was at length heroically determined to trust in the simplicity of right conduct. A meeting was therefore immediately summoned, and the unreserved assignation of their property, in house and in trade, freely offered. One creditor alone advocated harsher proceedings; but the feeling of mercy prevailed, and Percival's offer was unanimously accepted. Tom Mason, with refined generosity, secretly offered the creditors a sum of money for the household furniture, which was accepted, and so their homestead was untouched. But many years elapsed before Percival was firmly re-established, and many sore trials were overcome, in none of which—to his lasting honour, and for the encouragement of others similarly circumstanced, be it spoken—did he forfeit his good name by again yielding to the vicious policy of 'accommodation.'

#### DR. MANTELL ON ANIMALCULES.

We quote below the title of a recent volume by Dr. Mantell,\* the object of which is 'to present a familiar exposition of the nature and habits of some of the invisible beings which people our lakes and streams.' Invisible beings! and yet not the creatures of superstition and dreamland, but actual substantial existences, that, unseen by the eye of sense, perform, within a single drop of water, the circle of an economy as perfect in its kind as is that of man himself. The object is in the highest degree commendable, and the name of the author is guarantee sufficient for its correct and agreeable treatment. There is no branch of science more interesting, none whose revelations are more wonderful, than that which unfolds the forms and nature of the minute creatures which people every stagnant pool, inhabit the leaves of every forest, and which take up their abode even in the fluids and tissues of other living beings. Nor is it a study the result of which is merely amusement and wonder; for, like the minute parasitic vegetation whose growth absorbs the elements of decay, and which occasionally create such havoc among human food, and engender disease and death, the myriad animalcules in nature may execute similar missions, sometimes repressing putridity, at others becoming the sources of the most loathsome and fatal diseases. It is therefore, only by a knowledge of the nature of these creatures, and of the causes and sources of their development, that man can call in their aid or control their results, as his purposes may demand. So simple, moreover, and so easily discernible is the organization of many animalcules, that the physiological functions of their structure is fully exposed to view—functions which find their counterparts in the higher animals, but in whom the mode of operation is hopelessly obscured. Apparent as are the advantages resulting from a study of microscopic life, it must not be supposed that the little work before us either affords an ample exposition, or adds new discoveries to the subject. All that is attempted, is a familiar description of a few common facts, a description which will in some degree instruct the ordinary reader, and lead him—if he can be led at all—to further investigation, while works of greater research and higher pretensions would have been unintelligible and forbidding.

Dr. Mantell's idea is a happy one: he takes a little water from a neighbouring pool, and confining himself to the examination of this, describes, in simple but attractive terms, what he sees, figuring at the same time, with the greatest delicacy and elegance, the objects of his observation. 'From some water containing aquatic plants, collected from a pond on Clapham Common, I select,' says he, 'a small twig, to which are attached a few delicate flakes, apparently of slime or jelly; some minute fibres, standing erect here and there on the twig, are also dimly visible to the naked eye. This twig, with a drop or two of the water, we will put between two thin plates of glass, and place under the field of view of a microscope having lenses that magnify the image of an object two hundred times in linear dimensions. Upon looking through the instrument, we find the fluid swarming with animals of various shapes and magnitudes. Some are darting through the water with great rapidity, while others are pursuing and devouring creatures more infinitesimal than themselves. Many are attached to the twig by long delicate threads; several have their bodies enclosed in a transparent tube, from one end of which the animal partly protrudes, and then retracts; while numbers are covered by an elegant shell or case. The minutest kinds—the monads—many of which are so small, that millions might be contained in a single drop of water—appear like mere animated globules, free, single, and of various colours, sporting about in every direction. Numerous species resemble pearly or opaline cups or vases, fringed round the margin with delicate fibres, that are in constant oscillation. Some of these are attached by spiral tendrils; others are united by a slender stem to one common trunk, appearing like a bunch of harebells; others are of a globular form, and grouped together in a definite pattern on a tabular or spherical membranous case for a certain period of their existence, and ultimately become detached and locomotive; while many are permanently clustered together, and die, if separated from the parent mass. No organs of progressive motion, similar to those of beasts, birds, or fishes, are observable in these beings; yet they traverse the water with rapidity, without the aid of limbs or fins; and though many species are destitute of eyes, yet all possess an accurate perception of the presence of other bodies, and pursue and capture their prey with unerring purpose.' To the uninitiated this must be a startling revelation; more wonderful, because real, than all the multitudes with which superstition and fancy have peopled the realms above, beneath, and around us.

The animalcules above enumerated now become the subjects of individual examination—there being nearly a dozen different genera in the small vial of water selected. The first and most conspicuous of these is the *Hydra*, or fresh water polype, an animalcule visible to the naked eye, appearing, when at rest, a mere globular speck of jelly, but, when active, protruding into a funnel-shaped body, furnished with a number of long, delicate tentacula or arms, by which it

\* *Thoughts on Animalcules; or a Glimpse of the Invisible World Revealed by the Microscope.* By Gideon Algernon Mantell, Esq., L. L. D. London: Murray. 1846.



secures its prey. This polype is carnivorous in its habits, feeding on small worms and insects. 'I have seen,' says our author, 'a polype seize two worms at the same instant; and to reach them, the arms were extended to such a degree of tenuity, as scarcely to be perceptible without the aid of a lens; and the worms, though very lively, and struggling violently, were unable to break asunder these delicate instruments, and escape, but in an instant were struck motionless. This phenomenon strikingly resembles the effect produced by the electric eel; and it is not improbable that the hydra, like that fish, kills its prey by an electric shock.' The fresh water polypes are exceedingly prolific, several hundreds of thousands springing from one parent stock in the course of a few months. The generation or mode of multiplication in the hydra is one of its most striking peculiarities. In its ordinary condition, this takes place by gemination, or buds, as in certain plants. A small protuberance appears externally on some part of the body of the polype, and gradually enlarges, and becomes elongated; arms speedily spring forth from the free extremity, and a miniature hydra is formed, which in a short time separates from its parent, and assumes its individual existence. Nor is this all: a single hydra may be cut into several pieces, either across its body, or longitudinally, and, what is wonderful, every section will in time become a polype, as perfect as the original of which it formed a part! Further, the animal may be turned inside out like a glove, and the original outer surface will perform the functions of digestion, while the former lining of the stomach becomes the skin; and this without the creature apparently suffering any inconvenience.

From the examination of the *hydra* or polypes, which are giants in comparison, Dr. Mantell passes to the consideration of the true Infusoria—those minute animalcules which were sporting in the drops of water between the plates of glass placed in the field of his microscope. The existence of these minute beings having been first detected in water containing vegetable matter, such as hay, grass, &c. it was taken for granted that they were peculiar to certain infusions; hence the term *Infusoria*, given to this class of animals, in allusion to their supposed origin. This name is still employed as a general designation, although it has long been known that the presence of animalcules in infusions has no necessary relation to the vegetable ingredients, except so far as the decomposition of the latter may tend to the production of a proper medium for the development of the invisible eggs, or germs, of these creatures, which are everywhere present. The essential characters of the Infusoria—in other words, those points of organization in which they differ from all other animals—consist in their bodies being destitute of any true articulated or jointed limbs, and locomotive members or feet; their varied movements being performed by means of processes or filaments, which are always in motion, and are termed *cilia*, from their supposed resemblance to the eyelashes. The *cilia*, in many species of the Infusoria, are more or less generally distributed over the surface of the body; in others they are disposed in one or more circles around the mouth or aperture of the digestive organs; and in some, are arranged in zones on one or more circular or semicircular projections on the upper part of the body. The examination of these minute creatures requires great tact and patience. From the original drop of water a particular species is first selected; it is then removed, transferred to a drop of pure water, and placed under the field of the microscope—the observer beginning with low powers, till he obtain a general knowledge of the form and appearance of the species, and afterwards examining the several parts of the body with the most powerful glasses.

By such a scrutiny, Dr. Mantell detects, in the original glass of water, a number of species of the most beautiful forms, and of the most curious economy. Among these are *Monads*, animated spherules of various colours, little more than the thousandth part of a line in diameter; and yet each exhibits an individual activity, feeding, disporting, and propagating its kind with inconceivable rapidity. The floating coloured slime which sometimes appears in the water of stagnant pools, is an aggregation of countless myriads of these beings—not individually distinct, but visible only in the mass. There are also *Vorticellæ*, or bell-shaped animals, and *Stentors*, or those of trumpet shapes—fixed singly, or in clusters, by the narrow extremity, and waving in the water their wider extremities, fringed with *cilia*, like so many animated harebells of astonishing minuteness. The digestive organs of these tiny creatures 'consist of a series of globular stomachs—hence the term *polygastria*—connected by a common tube, which allows entrance to the food, and exit to the effete particles. The food is brought to the mouth by the currents produced in the water by the *cilia*; aeration is performed by the agency of the same organs; and the increase of the species is effected by spontaneous division, each part, like the severed portions of the polype, growing into a perfect individual.' Besides these polygastric animalcules, which are the lowest of the Infusoria, there are in the water under examination numerous species of *Rotifera*, or wheel-bearing animalcules, so called from the circular rows of *cilia* which fringe the upper parts of their bodies, and which, when in motion, appear like wheels revolving round a common axis. These are more highly organized than the former class: 'the digestive canal is a tube more or less straight, which in many genera is provided with jaws and teeth, which, like the masticatory organs in birds, are situated low down, are very distinct, and present considerable diversity of form and arrangement.' Jaws and teeth in creatures invisible to the naked eye! Yet so it is: like the miniature watch set in a finger-ring, its wheels and springs are not less perfect because of their tiny dimensions. In the Rotifera there are indications of nerves, muscles, and punctiform eyes, all shadowing forth, as it were, the dawn of higher existences. Some are oviparous, others viviparous—the eggs in many species being in size equal to one-third of the animalcule. These ova 'retain their vitality for almost an unlimited period, and are transported by the water and wafted by the winds—for, whether dry or moist, they remain uninjured—till, thrown into the conditions suitable to their organization, they become developed, and the apparently pure waters teem with myriads of highly-organized beings. Even the adult animals of some species—the common Rotifers, for instance—after being apparently dried up for several years, will start into life upon the addition of a few drops of water, and throw their rotatory organs into full play, as if roused from a refreshing slumber.'

Of these Rotifera, Dr. Mantell detects several genera: some flower-shaped, *Floscularia*; some crown-shaped, *Stephanoceros*; the common wheel-animalcule, *Rotifer*; and other species covered with siliceous shells and spines, *Brachionus*. These last are perhaps the most wonderful, as they are, geologically speaking, the most important of their class. 'Their cases or shells consist either of lime, silex (flint), or iron; and these retain their form and structure for unlimited periods of time. From the inconceivable numbers of these shell-animalcules, which swarm in every body of water, whether fresh or salt, and the immense rapidity with which the species increase—by spontaneous fissuration, germination, and ova—extensive deposits, or strata of their cases, are constantly forming at the bottom of lakes, rivers, and seas. Hence have originated the layers of white calcareous earth common in peat-bogs and morasses,

the tripoli, or polishing-slate of Bilin,\* consisting wholly of the siliceous cases of animalcules, and the bog iron, composed of the ferruginous shields of other forms. In short, the extensive and important changes that have been produced on the earth's surface by this agency in the earlier ages of the physical history of our planet, and those of a like nature which are going on at the present time, are in the highest degree interesting, and have but lately become the subject of scientific investigation.'

The contents of the little phial have now been explored, the microscope removed, and all that remains is a small twig, two or three minute leaves, a few flakes of mucus, and a turbid condition of the water from the presence of earthy particles. 'All the diversified forms of life that were sporting in the apparently wide waste of water have vanished from our sight, and are as though they were not; yet what a world of wonders, what a marvellous display of infinite wisdom, are there concealed! Within that narrow space, the microscope has shown us the mysterious principle of vitality embodied in structures of which we had previously no conception, and under conditions which, if estimated according to our experience of the visible creation, would appear incompatible with animal existence. Were we to describe the facts that have come under our notice to persons unacquainted with the optical powers of the microscope, and tell them that the seeming particles of earth in the water are creatures of various forms and structures, endowed with life, and the capacity for its enjoyment; that those flakes of mucus are aggregated thousands of animals, in the shape of flowers, which increase, like plants, by buds and by self-division; that some of these creatures are carnivorous, feeding on living atoms more infinitesimal than themselves; that others are herbivorous, and nourished by particles of decomposed vegetables too minute to be visible till accumulated in the internal organs of the animalcules; that we selected some of these animals, and caused them to swallow carmine, and thus imparted a red colour to their digestive organs, and rendered their structure more obvious; that some are free, and roam through the water at pleasure, others always sedentary, others locomotive in youth, and fixed to one spot in after-life; that many have eyes, the number and colour of which can be distinguished; that the difference in the relative magnitude of these creatures is as great as that between a mouse and an elephant; that if the water in which these beings are now immersed be allowed to evaporate, and the sediment become as dry as dust, and this be moistened three or four years hence, many of the individuals at this moment sporting through the water will be resuscitated, and appear in full activity, although, had they remained in their native element, the term of their existence would have extended but through a few days—thus realizing one of the beautiful fictions of Arabian story—would not this statement be deemed unworthy of belief?—would it not be regarded as improbable and as extravagant as the wildest chimeras of the imagination! And yet such a narrative would be but the simple truth—an unexaggerated, unadorned matter-of-fact summary of the phenomena that have come under our observation! Verily, there are more things in nature than the uninquiring dream of.

Like animals of higher organization, these microscopic creatures suffer and perish from sudden transitions of temperature. Atmospheric air is as necessary to their existence as to ours; and they are killed by substances which affect the chemical composition of the water. Fresh-water species instantly die if sea-water be suddenly added, though the latter may swarm with marine species; but they survive if the mixture be gradual; and many kinds inhabit brackish water. Infusoria always appear in vegetable infusions, because their ova or germs, being everywhere present, find in such fluids a proper medium for their development. Every stream is laden with them; every breeze wafts its myriads of myriads. Though the influence of light is favourable to their life, yet it does not appear indispensable, for they abound in the waters of deep mines, which are always in impenetrable darkness. 'The ordinary duration of life in the Infusoria varies from a few hours to several days, or even weeks. Rotifera have been traced to the twenty-third day of their existence. The death of these animals is generally sudden; but in some of the larger species, convulsive struggles attend their dissolution. Shortly after death, the soft parts rapidly decompose, and all traces of their beautiful structures disappear: the species which are furnished with earthy cases, or shells, alone leave durable vestiges of their existence.'

Such is an outline of Dr. Mantell's 'Thoughts on Animalcules,' which we cordially recommend to the perusal of the young and intelligent. They may or may not become original inquirers—they may never adjust the focus of a microscope, or place one drop of an infusion under the lens of a magnifier—but this need not prevent them from making themselves acquainted, through the discoveries of others, with a department of knowledge than which we know of none more replete with interest and instruction.

#### THOUGHTS ON COURTSHIP.

'There is a brief period of romance in the life of every man and woman; it is the time when those attachments are formed which usually lead to the permanent union of kindred hearts. Sweet flower-time of our life's year! Dull, indeed, and sordid would existence be, if this season were left out—a year without a May! Yes, summer may bring its hay, and autumn its sheaves, and our well-spent prime and middle-age may leave not only ample stores for a dignified elderhood, but, what is of far more value, the self-satisfied reflections which await those who can look back on an active and useful life; but yet, if this brief time or blossom were to be omitted, an important element would be wanting in our recollections; life would appear as if spent in vain; and it is questionable if our latter days would, in that event, be so happy.'

Pretty well so far. A romance, forsooth! Such a May in our life's year as Mays usually are with us, compared with the Mays of the poets. A good deal of the east wind to temper it. One thing I know, that when I made up acquaintance with Georgiana, it was one scene of torment from beginning to end. In the first place, nearly all her friends disliked me. My mother was jealous of a daughter-in-law—what mother ever was not!—Georgiana herself had an old unsettled balance of attachment to her father's chief clerk, who had been sent out of the way; so even her inclinations to the match were a matter of some doubt. What worryings there were from all these things together! The only smooth point was her father's favour for me, which my mother always said was from a regard to my family and fortune. Such was my time of blossom!

It is not that the season of courtship is merely a pleasant time, which furnishes agreeable food for the memory afterwards, although this we conceive to

\* The polishing-slate of Bilin, in Prussia, forms a series of strata fourteen feet thick, and is entirely composed of the siliceous shields of Infusoria, of such extreme minuteness, that a cubic inch of the stone contains forty-one thousand millions of distinct organisms.

be one of its most important characters; it appears in a higher light, when we consider the effect which it usually produces on the human character. For that time, at least, common worldly views are lost sight of, and a generous devotion to the interests of another is substituted for our usual selfishness. It is in the moral effects of the tender passion that we may fully appreciate the interesting place which it takes in the great scheme of things.

I must keep all about settlements in the background of course. Neither is a word to be said of inquiries into how much the lady has, or of her claims in the matter of pin money.

In that period of youthful passion, how delightful those moments when the parties are privileged to be alone—forgetting all the world, or rather all the world to each other! Then it is that the banks of the limpid rivulet have their attractions, particularly when the golden sun has just given place to that tender luminary which, time out of mind, has been associated with the thoughts of lovers. The dew is on the grass; the nightingale makes vocal the neighbouring grove. A silver radiance is spread over the face of nature, and all ordinary sounds are hushed. What heartfelt rapture is it, then, for the youthful pair to wander along, unseen of all but each other—no word spoken; such communion of soul requiring no words; only looks, and gentle sighs, and throbbing hearts, making up the conversation. Oh, bliss beyond compare—too exquisite to last! And well it is so; for were it otherwise, man would make of earth his all-sufficient heaven!

This will do, I think, for the young ladies. I may only remark, that a parlour and a couple of candles more frequently form the scenery of such little dramas—even lovers being wise enough to know that a damp evening, by a water side, is apt to lead to that morbid affection which usually demonstrates itself by a running of the nose. Troublesome work it often is, especially where the house is not remarkable for spare apartments. Always there is some inconsiderate school-girl sister, who will insist upon coming in to do her practising on the piano; or else a little wag of a brother, who can't be frightened from playing off tricks upon you—such as tapping at the door, and running off with a great laugh, or sending in the servant with scuttle and broom to mend the fire, when it is quite unnecessary. Only once, taking an afternoon walk with Georgina, we sauntered into a path by a river side; but we were soon brought to a stand by a farmer, who told us, in no very gentle terms, that we were trespassing, and ordered us back. Poets who would wander by

Shallow rivers, to whose falls  
Melodious birds sing madrigals,

do not usually reflect that river sides are property, and that intruders are liable to be 'prosecuted with the utmost rigour of law.' Once more, however, to the breach.

The happiest courtship, like the most beautiful day, must come to a close. But there is a time which is neither courtship nor matrimony, but something intervening, and which may be said to partake of the different kinds of happiness appropriate to both. Then, reposing upon the sweet consent which he has gained, the lover feels that any anxieties which he lately underwent are more than repaid. Fear he has dismissed; he smiles at the thought of a rival; he now knows that this sweet angel, who walks so lovingly in his arm, is she with whom he is to spend the rest of his days. The interest formerly felt in her is now, therefore, infinitely deeper and more tender. Mysterious affinity of souls—wonderful are the gushes of happiness which flow from it! It is a pleasant duty of that time to make the acquaintance of each other's relations and dearest friends. All are so happy to see their new associate. It seems like doubling all the enjoyments derivable from social life at once. Most agreeable, too, is it to select and establish that home where the pair is to commence their wedded existence. Two minds are concerned in the case, with all their various tastes and likings; but the discussions of particulars is only a source of pleasure for the occasion it gives to consenting. The lover rejoices in the traits of sense, forethought, and economy which he sees in his adorable; she equally glows at the marks of a conceding and obliging disposition which she finds in him. The first glimpses they thus get of each other in a domestic capacity are truly delightful, perhaps more so than any other circumstance in the whole chronicle of their loves. Such recollections dwell on the memory through all subsequent events. At length the long-looked-for day arrives; and amidst the flutter, the brilliancy, the mingled tears and smiles of a bridal party, closes this one brief unrepeatable chapter of human existence—Courtship.

There, now—that will do. The reality of the case most people will be able to supply for themselves. Assurance against rivals!—more likely the poor youth has some faint notion that the young lady's mamma has 'managed' him into it! Friends, too. Gracious powers, save me from the friends!—all criticising you in every point; many disapproving. Your adorable's grandmother quite disappointed in her choice: she again finding her designed mother-in-law either candidly cold or forcedly agreeable. When were friends ever a source of happiness at a marriage! Then those odious visits to Mr. Trotter's, to choose beds and basin-stands. Oh, upholstery! why hast thou so much to do with young love! The Paphian bower was surely not formed of mahogany-trees. Such a debating about drawing-room curtains and tables. Such a worrying as to that expensive pier-glass. The lady's mother and sisters all against you too. The first glimpse of her in a domestic character indeed! Well is it for you, my friend, if, with one thing and another, you are not worried out of your senses long before your wedding-day.—*Chamber's Journal*.

### THE UGLY DUCKLING: A MORAL TALE.

*Danish Fairy Legends and Tales.* By Hans Christian Andersen. Pp. 197. London, Pickering.

We had much pleasure in introducing M. Andersen to the English reader, and have had a repetition of that enjoyment when it again happened to have a publication of his to notice. His name accordingly prepared us for a renewed gratification when we saw this volume announced; and we have not been disappointed in our hope. It contains fourteen tales and legends of various character and merit: the fairy lore presenting one phase, and the moral fable or apologue another. In all there is considerable originality, and many little touches pervade the general lessons, no less effective than the main argument, and often pointing a small piece of good advice in a very playful manner. The more imaginative pieces are interesting, and turned in an entertaining way; but perhaps those after the *Æsopian* fashion will be perused with even more satisfaction by old and young. Among them is *The Ugly Duckling*, which, though rather long for the illustration of the spirit of such a work in our page, is altogether so amusing an example of the author, that we are tempted to copy it entire:

"It was beautiful in the country, it was summer-time, the wheat was yellow, the oats were green, the hay was stacked up in the green meadows, and the stork paraded about on his long red legs, discoursing in Egyptian, which

language he had learned from his mother. The fields and meadows were skirted by thick woods, and a deep lake lay in the midst of the woods. Yes, it was indeed beautiful in the country! The sunshine fell warmly on an old mansion, surrounded by deep canals, and from the walls down to the water's edge there grew large burdock-leaves, so high that children could stand upright among them without being perceived. This place was as wild and unfrequented as the thickest part of the wood, and on that account a duck had chosen to make her nest there. She was sitting on her eggs; but the pleasure she had felt at first was now almost gone, because she had been there so long, and had so few visitors, for the other ducks preferred swimming on the canals to sitting among the burdock-leaves gossiping with her. At last the eggs cracked one after another, 'Tchick, tchick!' All the eggs were alive, and one little head after another appeared. 'Quack, quack,' said the duck, and all got up as well as they could; they peeped about from under the green leaves, and, as green is good for the eyes, their mother let them look as long as they pleased. 'How large the world is!' said the little ones, for they found their present situation very different to their former confined one, while yet in the egg-shells. 'Do you imagine this to be the whole of the world?' said the mother; 'it extends far beyond the other side of the garden, to the pastor's field; but I have never been there. Are you all here?' And then she got up. 'No, I have not got you all, the largest egg is still here. How long will this last! I am so weary of it!' And then she sat down again. 'Well, and how are you getting on?' asked old duck, who had come to pay her a visit. 'This one egg keeps me so long,' said the mother, 'it will not break; but you should see the others! they are the prettiest little ducklings I have seen in all my days; they are all like their father,—the good-for-nothing fellow! he has not been to visit me once.' 'Let me see the egg that will not break,' said the old duck; 'depend upon it, it is a turkey's egg. I was cheated in the same way once myself, and I had such trouble with the young ones; for they were afraid of the water, and I could not get them there. I called and scolded, but it was all of no use. But let me see the egg—ah yes! to be sure, that is a turkey's egg. Leave it, and teach the other little ones to swim.' 'I will sit on it a little longer,' said the duck; 'I have been sitting so long, that I may as well spend the harvest here.' 'It is no business of mine,' said the old duck, and away she waddled.

'The great egg burst at last, 'Tchick, tchick,' said the little one, and out it tumbled—bah! how large and ugly it was! the duck looked at it—'That is a great, strong creature,' said she; 'none of the others are at all like it; can it be a young turkey-cock? Well, we shall soon find out, it must go into the water, though I push it in myself.' The next day there was delightful weather, and the sun shone warmly upon all the green leaves, when mother-duck with all her family went down to the canal; plump she went into the water, 'quack, quack,' cried she, and one duckling after another jumped in. The water closed over their heads, but all came up again, and swam together in the pleasantest manner; their legs moved without effort. All were there, even the ugly grey one. 'No! it is not a turkey,' said the old duck; 'only see how prettily it moves its legs, how upright it holds itself; it is my own child! it is also really very pretty when one looks more closely at it; quack, quack, now come with me, I will take you into the world, introduce you in the duck-yard; but keep close to me, or some one may tread on you, and beware of the cat.' So they came into the duck-yard. There was a horrid noise; two families were quarrelling about the remains of an eel, which in the end was secured by the cat. 'See, my children, such is the way of the world,' said the mother-duck, wiping her beak, for she too was fond of roasted eels. 'Now use your legs,' said she, 'keep together, and how to the old duck you see yonder. She is the most distinguished of all the fowls present, and is of Spanish blood, which accounts for her dignified appearance and manners. And look, she has a red rag on her leg; that is considered extremely handsome, and is the greatest distinction a duck can have. Don't turn your feet inwards; a well-educated duckling always keeps his legs far apart, like his father and mother, just so—look! now bow your necks, and say, 'quack.' And they did as they were told. But the other ducks who were in the yard looked at them, and said aloud, 'Only see, now we have another brood, as if there were not enough of us all ready, and fie! how ugly that one is, we will not endure it,' and immediately one of the ducks flew at him and bit him in the neck. 'Leave him alone,' said the mother, 'he is doing no one any harm.' 'Yes, but he is so large, and so strange-looking, and therefore he shall be teased.' 'Those are fine children that our good mother has,' said the old duck with the red rag on her leg. 'All are pretty except one, and that has not turned out well: I almost wish it could be hatched over again.' That cannot be, please your highness,' said the mother; 'certainly he is not handsome, but he is a very good child, and swims as well as the others, indeed rather better. I think he will grow like the others all in good time, and perhaps will look smaller. He stayed so long in the egg-shell, that is the cause of the difference,' and she scratched the duckling's neck, and stroked his whole body. 'Besides,' added she, 'he is a drake; I think he will be very strong, therefore it does not matter so much, he will fight his way through.' 'The other ducks are very pretty,' said the old one; 'pray make yourselves at home, and if you find an eel's head you can bring it to me.' And accordingly they made themselves at home. But the poor little duckling, who had come last out of its egg-shell, and who was so ugly, was bitten, pecked, and teased by both ducks and hens. 'It is so large,' said they all. And the turkey-cock, who had come into the world with spurs on, and therefore fancied he was an emperor, puffed himself up like a ship in full sail, and marched up to the duckling quite red with passion. The poor little thing scarcely knew what to do, he was quite distressed, because he was so ugly, and because he was the jest of the poultry-yard.

'So passed the first day, and afterwards matters grew worse and worse, the poor duckling was scorned by all. Even his brothers and sisters behaved unkindly, and were constantly saying, 'The cat fetch thee, thou nasty creature!' The mother said, 'Ah, if thou wert only far away!' The ducks bit him, the hens pecked him, and the girl who fed the poultry kicked him. He ran over the hedge; the little birds in the bushes were terrified. 'That is because I am so ugly,' thought the duckling, shutting his eyes; but he ran on. At last he came to a wide moor, where lived some wild ducks; here he lay the whole night so tired and so comfortless. In the morning the wild ducks flew up, and perceived their new companion; 'Pray, who are you?' asked they; and our little duckling turned himself in all directions, and greeted them as politely as possible. 'You are really uncommonly ugly,' said the wild ducks; 'however, that does not matter to us, provided you do not marry into our families.' Poor thing! he had never thought of marrying; he only begged permission to lie among the reeds, and drink the water of the moor. There he lay for two whole days: on the third day there came two wild geese, or rather ganders, who had not been long out of their egg-shells, which accounts for their impertinence. 'Hark-ye,' said they, 'you are so ugly that we like you infinitely well; will



you come with us, and be a bird of passage? On another moor, not far from this, are some dear, sweet wild geese, as lovely creatures as have ever said 'his.' You are truly in the way to make your fortune, ugly as you are.' Bang! a gun went off all at once, and both wild geese were stretched dead among the reeds, the water became red with blood;—bang! a gun went off again, whole flocks of wild geese flew up from among the reeds, and another report followed. There was a grand hunting party: the hunters lay in ambush around; some were even sitting in the trees, whose huge branches stretched far over the moor. The blue smoke rose through the thick trees like a mist, and was dispersed as it fell over the water; the hounds splashed about in the mud, the reeds and rushes bent in all directions—how frightened the poor little duck was! he turned his head, thinking to hide it under his wings, and in a moment a most formidable-looking dog stood close to him, his tongue hanging out of his mouth, his eyes sparkling fearfully. He opened wide his jaws at the sight of our duckling, shewed him his sharp white teeth, and splash splash! he was gone, gone without hurting him. 'Well! let me be thankful,' sighed he, 'I am so ugly that even the dog will not eat me.' And now he lay still, though the shooting continued among the reeds, shot following shot. The noise did not cease till late in the day, and even then the poor little thing dared not stir; he waited several hours before he looked around him, and then hastened away from the moor as fast as he could; he ran over fields and meadows, though the wind was so high that he had some difficulty in proceeding.

"Towards evening he reached a wretched little hut, so wretched that it knew not on which side to fall, and therefore remained standing. The wind blew violently, so that our poor little duckling was obliged to support himself on his tail, in order to stand against it; but it became worse and worse. He then remarked that the door had lost one of its hinges, and hung so much awry that he could creep through the crevice into the room, which he did. In this room lived an old woman, with her tom-cat and her hen; and the cat, whom she called her little son, knew how to set up his back and purr; indeed, he could even emit sparks when stroked the wrong way. The hen had very short legs, and was therefore called "Cuckoo Shortlegs;" she laid very good eggs, and the old woman loved her as her own child. The next morning the new guest was perceived; the cat began to mew, and the hen to cackle. "What is the matter?" asked the old woman looking round; however, her eyes were not good, so she took the young duckling to be a fat duck who had lost her way. "This is a capital catch," said she; "I shall now have duck's eggs, if it be not a drake; we must try." And so the duckling was put to the proof for three weeks, but no eggs made their appearance. Now the cat was master of the house, and the hen was the mistress; and they used always to say, "We and the world," for they imagined themselves to be not only the half of the world, but also by far the better half. The duckling thought it was possible to be of a different opinion, but that the hen would not allow. "Can you lay eggs?" asked she. "No." "Well, then, hold your tongue." And the cat said, "Can you set up your back? can you purr?" "No." "Well, then, you should have no opinion when reasonable persons are speaking." So the duckling sat alone in a corner, and was in a very bad humour; however, he happened to think of the fresh air, and bright sunshine, and these thoughts gave him such a strong desire to swim again, that he could not help telling it to the hen. "What ails you?" said the hen; "you have nothing to do, and therefore brood over these fancies; either lay eggs, or purr, then you will forget them." "But it is so delicious to swim," said the duckling,—"so delicious when the waters close over your head, and you plunge to the bottom." "Well, that is a queer sort of a pleasure," said the hen; "I think you must be crazy. Not to speak of myself, ask the cat—he is the most sensible animal I know—whether he would like to swim or to plunge to the bottom of the water. Ask our mistress, the old woman—there is no one in the world wiser than she—do you think she would take pleasure in swimming, and in the waters closing over her head?" "You do not understand me," said the duckling. "What, we do not understand you! so you think yourself wiser than the cat, and the old woman, not to speak of myself. Do not fancy any such thing, child, but be thankful for all the kindness that has been shewn you. Are you not lodged in a warm room, and have you not the advantage of society from which you can learn something? But you are a simpleton, and it is wearisome to have anything to do with you. Believe me, I wish you well. I tell you unpleasant truths, but it is thus that real friendship is shewn. Come, for once, give yourself the trouble to learn to purr, or to lay eggs." I think I will go out into the wide world again," said the duckling. "Well, go," answered the hen.

"So the duckling went. He swam on the surface of the water, he plunged beneath, but all animals passed him by, on account of his ugliness. And the autumn came, the leaves turned yellow and brown, the wind caught them and danced them about, the air was very cold, the clouds were heavy with hail or snow, and the raven sat on the hedge and croaked:—the poor duckling was certainly not very comfortable! One evening, just as the sun was setting with unusual brilliancy, a flock of large beautiful birds rose from out of the brushwood; the duckling had never seen anything so beautiful before, their plumage was of a dazzling white, and they had long slender necks. They were swans, they uttered a singular cry, spread out their long splendid wings, and flew away from these cold regions to warmer countries, across the open sea. They flew so high, so very high! and the little ugly duckling's feelings were so strange; he turned round and round in the water like a mill-wheel, strained his neck to look after them, and sent forth such a loud and strange cry, that it almost frightened himself. Ah! he could not forget them, those noble birds; those happy birds! When he could see them no longer, he plunged to the bottom of the water, and when he rose again was almost beside himself. The duckling knew not what the birds were called, knew not whither they were flying, yet he loved them as he had never before loved anything; he envied them not, it would never have occurred to him to wish such beauty for himself; he would have been quite contented if the ducks in the duck-yard had but endured his company—the poor ugly animal! And the winter was so cold, so cold! The duckling was obliged to swim round and round in the water, to keep it from freezing; but every night the opening in which he swam became smaller and smaller; it froze so that the crust of ice crackled; the duckling was obliged to make good use of his legs to prevent the water from freezing entirely; at last, worn out, he lay stiff and cold in the ice.

"Early in the morning there passed by a peasant, who saw him, broke the ice in pieces with his wooden shoe, and brought him home to his wife. He now revived; the children would have played with him, but our duckling thought they wished to tease him, and in his terror jumped into the milk-pail, so that the milk spilled about the room: the good woman screamed and clapped her hands; he flew thence into the pan where the butter was kept, and thence into the meal-barrel, and out again, and then how strange he looked! The woman screamed, and struck at him with the tongs; the children ran races with each other trying to catch him, and laughed and screamed likewise. It was well for

him that the door stood open; he jumped out among the bushes into the new-fallen snow—he lay there as in a dream.

"But it would be too melancholy to relate all the trouble and misery that he was obliged to suffer during the severity of the winter: he was lying on a moor among the reeds, when the sun began to shine warmly again, the larks sang, and beautiful spring had returned. And once more he shook his wings. They were stronger than formerly, and bore him forwards quickly, and before he was well aware of it, he was in a large garden where the apple trees stood in full bloom, where the syringas sent forth their fragrance, and hung their long green branches down into the winding canal. Oh, everything was so lovely, so full of the freshness of spring! And out of the thicket came three beautiful white swans. They displayed their feathers so proudly, and swam so lightly! The duckling knew the glorious creatures, and was seized with a strange melancholy. 'I will fly to them, those kingly birds!' said he. 'They will kill me, because I, ugly as I am, have presumed to approach them; but it matters not, better to be killed by them than to be bitten by the ducks, pecked by the hens, kicked by the girls who feed the poultry, and to have so much to suffer during the winter!' He flew into the water, and swam towards the beautiful creatures—they saw him, and shot forward to meet him. 'Only kill me,' said the poor animal; and he bowed his head low, expecting death. But what did he see in the water? He saw beneath him his own form, no longer that of a plump, ugly, grey bird—it was that of a swan. It matters not to have been born in a duck-yard, if one has been hatched from a swan's egg.

"The good creature felt himself really elevated by all the troubles and adversities he had experienced. He could now rightly estimate his own happiness, and the larger swans swam round him, and stroked him with their beaks. Some little children were running about in the garden; they threw grain and bread into the water, and the youngest exclaimed, 'There is a new one!' The others also cried out, 'Yes there is a new swan come!' and they clapped their hands, and danced around. They ran to their father and mother, bread and cake were thrown into the water, and every one said, 'The new one is the best, so young and so beautiful!' and the old swans bowed before me. The young swan felt quite ashamed, and hid his head under his wings; he scarcely knew what to do, he was all too happy, but still not proud, for a good heart is never proud. He remembered how he had been persecuted and derided, and he now heard every one say he was the most beautiful of all beautiful birds. The syringas bent down their branches towards him low into the water, and the sun shone so warmly and brightly—he shook his feathers, stretched his slender neck, and in the joy of his heart said, 'How little did I dream of so much happiness when I was the ugly, despised duckling!'

We think we have no occasion to recommend the volume in which so clever and pertinent a story as this appears. We consider M. Andersen's Danish novelties to be a charming accession to our stock of this species of literature.

**Moral Arithmetic.**—One enemy may do us more injury than twenty friends can repair. It is politic, therefore, to overlook a score of offences before you make a single foe. Moral Arithmetic is sometimes very different from Cocker's. Thus, by imparting our griefs we halve them; by communicating our joys we double them. When a married couple are one, their success is pretty sure to be won too; when they are two, the chances are two to one that their affairs will be all at sixes and sevens. The money-scraping miser who is always thinking of number one, and looking out for safe investments, forgets that the only money we can never lose is that which we give away; and that the worst of all wants is the want of what we have. In the cyphering of the heart division is sometimes multiplication, and subtraction is addition.

**Mothers.**—Napoleon, after having observed to Madame Campan that the old system of children's education was bad, inquired what she considered wanting to make it good. "Mothers"—was the reply. As women are the first, and perhaps the most influential, teachers, we must have good mothers, if we would secure good teachers. With them rests the tuition of the heart, so much more important than that of the head. Sentiment precedes intelligence; and it has been well observed by the authoress of a deservedly popular work, that the earliest smile which responds to the maternal caress, is the first lesson in the affections. Mothers were meant by nature to inspire virtue, even when they do not directly seek to teach it, and they will rarely go wrong when they follow their paternal impulses.

**Statues.**—"Every block of wood or stone," says Boccolini, "contains a fine statue: the only difficulty is to extract it." Would it not be more correct to say, that the mind of every competent sculptor contains a beautiful statue, and that nothing is wanting to its completion but materials and time? A good artist must brood upon his own conception, and hatch it into imaginary life, before he attempts to materialise it; and the higher his mental scope, the lower, generally, will be his opinion of his own handiwork. "I shall never have another great idea," said Thorwaldsen, despondingly, as he contemplated his statue of Christ in the Garden. "It is the first of my works with which I have ever been satisfied. Alas! it is not that I have brought my execution up to my idea, but that I have brought my idea down to my execution." When the *beau-ideal*, whether material or moral, no longer exists for a man, he has lost the sweetest and most elevating charm of his life.

**The Pianoforte Crisis.**—In a concert-room, while one of our astonishing pianists was executing a sonata with his left hand only, although he had the perfect use of both, a lady demanded of the gentleman by whom she was accompanied:—

"Who, in your opinion, is the most astonishing pianist?"

"In truth, madam, they are all so astonishing, that I confess your question is embarrassing. If among the players on that instrument, there were one whose aim was not to astonish, I should not hesitate in declaring him the most astonishing of all."

"But which is he that gives you most pleasure?"

"That is more easily answered: he that fatigues me the least."

"You are a barbarian!"

"No! I am only a victim."

"You do not like the piano?"

"I like the piano much, but not the pianist."

"How, then, do you wish that the piano should be played?"

"As the violin, the violoncello, the clarionetto, the hautboy, or the flute, as they sing; that is to say, with feeling, with expression. I would have fewer notes, and more meaning; less address, and more sentiment; less impetuosity, and more elegance; less of noise, and more of tone; I would that they should not abuse the resources of so rich, so powerful an instrument; and use them not as an end, but as a means."

"You are too unreasonable!"

Connoisseur.

## Imperial Parliament.

## THE CORN BILL.

*House of Lords, June 4.*

Lord STANLEY moved for a copy of the address which had been received by the Government from the House of Assembly in Canada.

The Earl of DALHOUSIE hoped for the indulgence of the House while he defended himself from an imputation which had been thrown upon him in the other House, to the effect that, when he had said he had no reason to believe that the sentiments of the Canadian colonist were unfavourable to the ministerial project, he knew that the address for which Lord Stanley had just moved had arrived, declaring in the strongest terms their hostility to a free trade in corn. He could only say that on application in the proper quarter he had learned that the steamer which brought the address in question had not reached Liverpool until after the debate on the Corn Laws in their Lordships' house was over, and therefore, it was a physical impossibility that he could have been aware of its existence.

Lord STANLEY stated that there was never any intention of casting the slightest suspicion on the veracity of Lord Dalhousie.

After a few words from Lord LYTTLETON and Earl GREY the motion was agreed to.

*House of Lords, June 11.*

Earl STANHOPE moved that the bill be committed that day six months. He regarded this measure as more important than the reform bill, considering the magnitude of the interests involved in it, and the serious consequences which would inevitably result from it.

Lord LYTTLETON, as representing the colonial department in that House, wished to say a few words upon the subject of our colonial possessions, as affected by this measure. He was convinced that the colonies need be under no apprehensions from free-trade, the Australasian colonies in particular: Australian wheat was the best in the world. With respect to Canada, even admitting what was said as to the effect of free-trade upon that colony, the same had been said of other interests which had been affected by our customs duties. He confessed that he laboured under some disadvantages in speaking after the address passed by the Canada assembly, so unexpectedly after the preceding debate; and in speaking before the receipt of the next mail, which would probably modify the present state of things. His lordship referred to various indications in the colony of different views and feelings from those embodied in the address, showing that apprehensions were not really entertained by the people of Canada of injury from this measure. On what ground was it supposed that the Canadians could not compete with the Americans in the corn trade? The soil was the same, the wages of labour were the same, and the quality of the Canadian wheat was equal to the best grown in England. In reference to carriage and other respects, the advantage was in favour of Canada.

The motion of Lord Stanhope was negatived without a division.

## THE CORN BILL.—ADJOURNED DEBATE.

*House of Lords, June 12.*

The Bishop of ST. DAVID'S said their Lordships would not have forgotten that in the course of the recent discussions very numerous appeals—most pointed, emphatic, pressing, and earnest appeals—were made by a great number of Noble Lords—he did think in a very unusual manner—to those who occupied a place in that part of their Lordships' house where he was situated.—(Hear, hear.)—And those appeals were of such a nature as to involve very serious charges of a neglect of duty which they ought to hold most sacred, and an indifference to interests which ought to be most dear to them. There was one thing which he must acknowledge afforded him some satisfaction; namely, that those appeals came exclusively from Noble Lords adverse to the measure. The Noble Lords who made them seemed a little inconsistent with their own professed principles. Had not every one of them most indignantly repudiated the idea; of treating this as a landlord's question, or a question affecting the peculiar interests of a class? If the interests of the clergy were identical with those of the great mass of the community, then what occasion was there to bring the episcopal bench into particular notice, and appeal to them as the representatives of those particular interests? Were they (the bishops) to be told in the same breath to resist this bill, because it tended to the overthrow and ruin of the empire, and also because it would produce a considerable reduction of tithes? All must recollect the vehement language of one Noble Lord, who held out some vague, indefinite threat of retributive consequences, which were to fall upon the member of that (the episcopal) bench, if said the Noble Lord, they desert "us." It was evident what was uppermost in the Noble Lord's mind. He felt, although he might not be distinctly conscious of it, that this was a landlord's question.—(Hear, hear.)—Not only had the clergy, as a body, abstained from any opinion on the subject, publicly or by petitions; but they had never in private, so far as he (the Bishop of St. David's) knew, signified to the members of the episcopal bench any desire as to the course of conduct they should pursue on this subject.—(Hear.)—He conceived that in so acting the clergy had acted most wisely, and had earned the approbation and respect of their countrymen.—(cheers.)—but what could be the purport of the appeals made by the Noble Lords to that (the episcopal) bench, except that they should, by their voluntary, officious interference, place the clergy in that very invidious position which they themselves had declined to stand in!—(Hear, hear.)—Whatever the bad effects of the bill on the interests of the clergy, they could not properly be laid upon this measure, but resulted from one passed long since, for it was by the commutation of tithes that the interests of the clergy were placed on a different footing from those of other classes interested in land; and that measure was undoubtedly passed with the concurrence of those who represented their interests in that house, and with full warning of the possibility, if not probability, that it would be followed by the proposal now under consideration. The clergy did not entertain the slightest desire that their (the bishops') votes on this question should be in the least degree influenced by their view of its operation upon the particular interests of the clergy; and he could not consent to place such a momentous question as this upon any such narrow, paltry, and miserable ground, as its effect upon any particular class, however closely he was connected with it. He could consent to look at it only in the view of its probable effect upon the comfort, prosperity, and well-being of the great mass of the community. It was impossible to doubt that, if this measure were a great and a fearful experiment, as was said, at all events it was not a gratuitous and wanton one, but was one forced upon parliament by the emergencies and necessities of the case. The house had been reminded in this discussion of the consequences likely to ensue from the rejection of this measure; and there was one thing deserving their most serious attention,—the reason why the rejection of this measure was likely to produce such discontent and irritation. Was it not simply this, that the country at large, the labouring population, felt that if their Lordships rejected

this measure, they were excluding them from the only hope which they had at present to look to of a favourable change in their condition? If the government had represented the measure in the light in which it had been placed by many popular declaimers, as the beginning of a new epoch of unbounded prosperity in the country, he should have viewed it with the greatest distrust; he felt his confidence in it very much strengthened by the sobriety and caution of the language in which they expressed their expectation, contenting themselves with declaring their belief that it would produce an increased steadiness in the market, more constant and regular employment for the labouring man, give a certain and very active stimulus to trade, and a considerable and healthy stimulus to agriculture itself. He was not sure that Noble Lords were all fully aware of the importance of the addition made to the comfort, happiness, and well-being of the labouring population, by a very minute addition to their means. It was frequently the case that the poor were unable to take advantage of the means of education and instruction accessible to them, in consequence of the misery of their physical condition. It would be no contemptible gain if their Lordships relieved themselves from the obloquy and suspicion of having rejected such a measure from selfish and interested motives. Their Lordships might feel conscious of the purity of their intentions; but, as a strong feeling with respect to this measure was entertained out of doors, their Lordships' conduct might be subjected to a different construction. It was a great consolation for him to reflect that, with respect to the vote he had given, he found himself coinciding with men who had bestowed the most anxious and careful study on this question, and with the great majority of all the parties between which the legislature had hitherto been divided; and he felt that, whatever might be the result of the present measure, the conduct of the clergy with respect to it had increased for them the respect, the good-will, and the confidence of the mass of the people.—(Cheers.)

The Bishop of EXETER said it was not because some 10,000 or 12,000 persons would be damaged by the passing of this measure, that those Noble Lords had appealed to the right rev. bench; but it was because the interests of the church, the interests of the poor and of the rich, would alike suffer. He would not rest his opposition to it on a personal or pecuniary ground, as a main argument; but he considered it a subsidiary argument, that this measure would tend to depreciate the temporal condition of the clergy. He did not consider the interests of the labouring poor so much promoted by the cheapness of provisions as by the goodness of wages. The more they introduced into the market of England foreign labour, the more they interfered injuriously with the wages of domestic labour. He believed that at the present moment the great majority of their Lordships were in their hearts against the measure—(hear, hear)—and if he might presume to do so, he would call on them, in the vote they were about to give, to give it as they would a vote on a judicial question—to lay their hands on their hearts, and then say, content or not content, "upon my honour."—(Cheers.)

The Bishop of OXFORD admitted the propriety of appealing to his right rev. brethren as authorities upon subjects of morality and religion, but could not admit that such was the character of a great part of the appeals which had been made upon the occasion. He could not agree that appeals ought to be addressed to the episcopal bench, on the miserable system of thinking what would be the best for the clergy, and not what would be best for the country. Experiments had been deprecated, but what was legislation but a series of experiments? Legislation was, for the most part, an interference with nature, and that which interfered as little as possible with its benefits and blessings was the legislation which ought to be adopted. The unnatural system of production of corn, prevented the labourer from being that important element of society in this country which he ought to be, and which he would become by the working of the altered law. The principle which would bring this about was competition. As long as the land was not subjected to competition, the ignorant and unskilled farm labourer would be employed, because the produce of his labour was sufficient to feed the farmer and to pay his rent. But when foreign labour came into competition with the labour of this country, a very strong motive would come into play—the necessity of self-protection, which would induce the farmers to use the advantages which they had to the utmost, and if they could not produce high-priced corn, they would at least raise corn in greater quantities. It must be recollected that this measure came before their Lordships recommended by both of the two great parties who were alone competent to carry on the government. A noble earl had asked, what was the meaning of the agitation and clamour raised by the league, if it were not intended to overcome and intimidate the legislature. But had the noble earl read so little of constitutional history, and did he know so little of the House of Lords, as to think that a body like the league was by itself to be spoken of as a body to be dreaded by the House of Lords? If, however, they knew that the great mass of thinking men in this country were at heart persuaded of the necessity for this measure, and that although they had some fears to be quieted, and some prejudices to be overcome, they were in the depth of their heart and to the centre of their conviction satisfied that the measure must pass, the agitation of the league really became formidable. Let him ask the noble earl if he supposed that if the league, with double its present capital, were getting up an agitation for the repeal of the Reform Bill, any member of their Lordships' house would be much terrified at the result? He believed that a strong feeling had risen, and was still rising, among the great body of the people, in reference to this bill, and they were ready to support the government which had proposed the measure. With respect to the feelings of the clergy on this question, there was a great and important lesson to be learned by their Lordships. Although they might believe that the effect of the measure would be injurious to them, they did not believe that they had any ground of justice for coming forward, and therefore they remained silent. It was in the Tithes Commutation Act that the injustice was done to the clergy; and although they might believe that the present measure was calculated to injure them still further, they maintained a noble, a dignified, and a self-denying silence, when they might have swelled the opposition, and thereby they had set an example to all classes of the community such as rarely was in the power of any particular class of individuals to set—an example which showed that they felt that there was an interest greater than the interest of money, and a reward for themselves of more importance than their annual income. There was another class which it was just possible to suppose had some representatives in that house—he meant the nominal owners of great properties which was mortgaged to other parties. Persons so situated would do well indeed to profit by the example which the clergy had afforded them. This measure would advance the general interests of the country, and would cause a great demand for labour, as in order to ensure a return for the owner of the land, its productions must necessarily be increased.—[Earl STANHOPE: Where is the capital to come from?—That was an important question, which had been so plainly put by the noble earl in a tone of sepulchral demand.—(Laughter.)—It was clear that



the person who was the nominal owner of a large property, which was deeply mortgaged, could not increase its production fully; and it was also clear that the tenants of poor proprietors were generally poor themselves; and he knew, from visiting their cottages, that the labourers of such proprietors were lamentably poor. Property which was in the hands of nominal possessors was in this condition, that the mortgagees did not feel any responsibility as regarded the condition of the tenantry and labourers, whilst the nominal owner, who felt the responsibility, was not in a position to relieve it, because, instead of a small property, which he could manage, he preferred to be the nominal possessor of a great property. These nominal possessors of heavily mortgaged property would suffer from the change; and although he admitted that prejudices might be shocked, and some injury effected by changes of property as one of the results of this measure, it formed no reason why they should not adopt it, for he viewed it as one of the means of bringing the holding of property into a more healthy and natural state, and of providing for meeting those responsibilities which naturally lay on the holders of land. It was, therefore, the duty of their Lordships to give their support to such a measure as this, which was calculated to produce a happier, a better contented, and a more elevated peasantry than that which at present was to be found in England.

He did not wish to see them living in cottages from which the decencies of domestic life were necessarily banished, and children looked at in their upgrowth with the feeling that so many additional mouths required to be filled, whilst the difficulties of obtaining food were increasing.—(Hear, hear, hear, and cheers.) Seeing those things, and looking round for a remedy, he believed that one would be found in anything which would extend the general prosperity of the country. Early in the debate, a noble earl reminded them that if they passed this measure, they would afflict the country with an injury that was irremediable. Why should it be said that any injury which it would produce would be irremediable? If those evils which they had been threatened with in case this measure was passed were to take place—if the price of wheat were to dance about with such a polka-like agility—(laughter)—as had been described by his noble friend on his right—if the manufacturing and agricultural interests were brought to such a state of embarrassment that they would embrace in brotherly charity—(laughter)—forget their dissensions, and agree in representing their injuries to parliament—who could doubt that the measure which was capable of inflicting such injury would be repealed? He, however, was not one who thought that the agriculture of England was such a sickly and fantastic exotic as to require the aid of protection—(cheers);—he thought that all it required was to be set free from the shackles of protection, and it would assert its own indigenous strength and vigour.—(Loud cheers.)—Protection to native industry had become a favourite phrase in reference to this subject, and he could say for himself that he was one of those most favourable to the protection of that industry.—(An ironical cheer from the Duke of Richmond.) The noble Duke might cheer, but he (the Bishop of Oxford) feared his cheers as little as he feared his arguments.—(Cheers and laughter.) What was protection to native industry? It was to bring it into a field where every opportunity would be afforded for wholesome competition. If they wished to improve the condition of native industry, let them teach our population the necessity of human exertion and human skill; let them teach them to depend for success on their own right arms—on their moral habits—on their inventive genius—and on that ever-favouring Providence which was never withheld from the exertions of good men.—(Cheers.) He would beseech them not to disappoint the expectations which had been raised by their past wisdom and their known justice; and he trusted, above all, that they would not mistake the quiet endurance of the people for apathy or indifference. If they agreed to this measure, they would place that assembly on the firmest and most enduring foundation; and believing, as he did, that its strength was a safeguard of the country, he thought they would increase that strength by making a self-denying sacrifice—if it were deemed a sacrifice—of the interests of one class to the interests of the great mass of the people.—(Cheers.) In conclusion, he would beseech them not to set their house on the perilous adventure of seeming to represent the hereditary wealth, not the hereditary justice, wisdom, and virtue, of this great country. (The Right Reverend Prelate sat down amidst loud cheers.)

LORD ASHBURTON said that on this occasion his admiration was entirely confined to his right reverend friend's eloquence; for never, he believed, was a speech addressed to that assembly in which there was less argument. His noble friend had inveighed against the effects of the incumbrances on the land; but it must be remembered that these incumbrances were, in a great measure, the necessary result of the particular state of society to which they belonged. He complained that the landowners were too poor already, and his remedy was to take away half their property. With respect to the effect of this bill on the tithe of the clergy, it had been stated how it would operate on all classes; and it was also stated that it would fall most heavily on the parochial clergy. This loss would be caused, it was pretended, by the Tithe Commutation Act, and not by the operations of this measure. But that was a wholly mistaken idea; for if the Tithe Commutation Act had never been passed, and they lowered the income from land, the clergyman's income must have been lowered by the same means. The clergy had behaved, during the agitation of this question, in a way that was worthy of all praise; but it was not the protectionists, but the league, who had been anxious to gain them over to their side; and every time the league got hold of any man who was half a clergyman, having some local connection with a dissenting chapel, they trumpeted his name from one side of the country to the other. His right reverend friend, with great eloquence, had urged that this change, which was to produce cheap bread, must be right, because it was in nature; but it was in nature to have no laws at all. Nature never intended that the nation should have a debt of £800,000,000 hanging over their heads; nature never intended this country to fight battles with the Sikhs, and establish a dominion over countries beyond the seas. The real state of the case was, that they had gone on for three hundred years under this system; and this great and complicated system of British power and British wealth had arisen from it; and yet his right reverend friend said that all this was rottenness. He believed that the condition of the people in this country was every way better than it had ever been at any former period; and if they looked to the countries of the world, they found the very cheapest food where the people were the most miserable. The man in England who had to cultivate his farm, was in a very different condition from the man with whom he had to compete in Germany. The former had to pay a large amount of poor-rates, and tithes, and county-rates, burdens which to the foreign cultivator were to the same extent unknown. The English farmer was beyond the rest of the world in this respect, that, in point of fact, the produce of the English farmer's wheat was nearly double that of foreigners.—(Hear, hear.) It was however, plainly impossible that he could go on with improvements if he was compelled to come into competition with men who were so much more advantageously situated than he was. The right reverend prelate had laid it down as the duty of the statesmen of this country to

make a series of experiments on such questions as this.—(Hear.) A more extravagant proposition he had never listened to. He hoped that, in our modern days, churchmen would keep to their churches; it would be more to their own credit, and greatly to our advantage. The right reverend prelate spoke of the proposed change as calculated to give steadiness in the price of grain; now it so happened, that so far as concerned the corn act of 1842, the three years which followed it were the most steady and most moderate in price which had ever occurred, and this at a time when in all parts of Europe the greatest fluctuations of price had taken place. In France, Belgium, and other countries, they suffered from scarcity; while here, with our own resources only, for very little grain was let in, the prices remained as steady as if we had had a law fixing the price at which it was to be brought into the market.—(Hear, hear.) But the right reverend prelate said he recommended this measure to their lordships, because all the great authorities of the country were in its favour. Was his right reverend friend so ignorant of what was passing in the world of politics as not to know that the whole of this concurrence of party was a mere job—a mere scramble for the government of the country. If they looked back only a year or two, they found all the party to which noble lords opposite belonged in favour of a fixed duty of 8s.—(Hear.) And when they looked to such men as Huskisson, and Pitt, and even Ricardo, they found them in the opposite scale. On the first day of the debate in that house, apprehensions were stated, naturally enough, as to the effect this measure would have upon the colonies. Canada was defensible against the United States and all the world, if the people were in heart with us; but we could only keep that colony by making it its interest to be connected with us. Nothing but the strongest convictions would have induced him (Lord Ashburton) to turn round on the party with whom he had cordially acted; but their lordships would feel the importance of the question; there was not a point of our empire which was not affected by the decision.—(Cheers.)

LORD MONTEAGLE contended that the noble Lord (Lord Ashburton), in replying to the right reverend prelate, had availed himself of one of the most obvious of all rhetorical tricks, namely, to select particular observations, and to argue upon them as if they were of general application. Were tithes abolished to-morrow, no one would feel the relief but the landlord; there would be a proportionate rise in rents. (Hear, hear.) On this subject, he (Lord Monteaule) would quote from memory a passage in a manuscript pamphlet lately shown to him, found among the papers of the late Sidney Smith. The pamphlet was on the subject of tithes, and was written at a time of great political and ecclesiastical excitement—excitement adverse to the church of England. The passage ran thus, in substance:—"We sometimes get great instruction in singular and unforeseen ways; I got great instruction one day from going into the stables of my excellent friend, Mr. Pickwick, who keeps the White Hart Inn, at Bath. It was a period when the great macadamizing improvements were going on all over the land. When I entered the stables, I found all the horses in the greatest state of commotion and excitement. 'What a time for us post-horses!' said they; 'the roads are all being macadamised; there will be no more rough gravel, no more deep ruts; this is a most blessed time for us.'—(A laugh.) Upon which an old gray poster, in the corner, blind of one eye, and lame of one leg, but possessed of great experience—(a laugh)—addressing his friends in the stable, said to them, 'Beloved quadrupeds (a laugh),—do not exult unreasonably or hastily; do not believe that our biped masters are making all these improvements for our sakes; they are doing them for their own. If the roads are made smoother and more level, depend upon it, it is only to make us run so much the quicker, and carry so much the heavier burdens.'—(Laughter.) Just so, the repeal of the tithe would be no benefit to the cultivator of the soil.—(Hear, hear.) He would undertake to prove that the doctrine of protection to all—to the manufacturing as well as to the landed classes—as the greatest possible fallacy. Let them take corn and cotton as an example. Supposing 10 per cent put upon corn and cotton as a protection, would that protection operate equally in both cases? Not at all. Corn was not exported; therefore the price was regulated by the markets of this country, and the 10 per cent protection, if it acted for any purpose at all, must raise the price of corn so much. But how was the case with cotton? A great quantity was exported, and the price of cotton in this country must be regulated by the markets of the continent, and must fall to the continental level; and the 10 per cent was no protection at all. He was astonished to hear the present measure objected to on the ground of its being a great experiment. Why, was not all legislation experiment? One would look for anything in ancient statutes rather than sound principles of political economy. Trade was not to be made prosperous by passing such acts as enforced the burying of the dead in woollen, or which rendered their lordships liable even now to penalties for not wearing metal buttons on their coats.—(Hear, hear, and laughter.) He would read to their lordships the preamble of an act drawn up by Mr. Burke. It was to the following effect:—"That whereas it had been found by experience that the restrictions imposed by several statutes in reference to corn, flour, and several kinds of victuals, by preventing a free trade in the same, had a tendency to discourage their growth, and increase the price, &c." Such was the preamble of an act passed in better times than were those alluded to by the noble Lord (Stanley.) This was an act to remove the restrictions imposed on the internal trade in corn.—(Hear, hear, from Lord Stanley.) The history of the corn-laws was the history of a series of experiments. If Norfolk was governed by one system of corn-laws, and Lincolnshire by another, it was clear that there would be a greater fluctuation of prices in each of those counties than there was at present; and why should not the same result follow the difference of corn-laws between Russia and America and this country? His noble friend opposite (Lord Ashburton) had stated on the 6th of June, 1814, with reference to the corn-laws, that "steady prices were never produced by restriction. Apply the doctrine of restriction to any one county of England, and it will be found that doing so will not have the effect of steadying the prices in each particular county. On the contrary, the price of bread will be alternately high and low, as there is a bad or good harvest in each particular spot." The noble Lord added, "What the whole of England is to any particular county in England, so exactly, in this respect, is the whole of Europe to the whole of England."—(Hear, hear.) He thought he was entitled to claim the benefit of the noble Lord's high authority on this point. His noble friend seemed to think that for the last three years we had done without foreign corn; but the fact was, that although during the last year we had not required a large supply of corn, we had received very considerable importations during the last three years. By rendering foreigners dependent upon us for the sale of their produce, we should do much to insure the maintenance of amicable relations; but our present system, as he had said, discouraged them from growing corn, and led them to view our arrangements with suspicion. He believed, from the experience they had had of the effect of the sliding scale, which was mischievous to the farmer, to the consumer, to the trader, and to the Bank of England, (hear, hear, hear)—that no individual would be

found ready to come forward and pin his faith upon the operation of that system. As one who was conversant with the condition of many districts in Ireland, especially with the southern portion of that country, he must state that there had been deep distress in Ireland; and he was bound in justice to her majesty's government to say, that he believed it was owing to their early and prudent interposition that the distress had not been more visible. He called upon their Lordships not to continue to place themselves in a position which permitted the people to refer their calamities to laws made by the legislature. He did not say that this measure would protect the trade and industry of the country from variations and reverses; but he would say that it would diminish the chances of those variations, and that they, as legislators, would cease to be responsible for them, when they gave to trade its fullest scope.

Lord STANLEY said it was a great satisfaction to him to know that, after being exposed to such antagonists as he had had the fortune to meet, no attempt had yet been made to answer the statement which he (Lord Stanley) had made on the 25th of May, until the speech of his noble friend who had just sat down, after an interval of three weeks. He felt an additional gratification, that his noble friend had now only touched upon a small, and, comparatively speaking, insignificant portion of his speech, and in so far his noble friend could not have required a fortnight or three weeks to answer him. The act quoted by his noble friend was an act removing absurd and vexatious restrictions—(cheers from the opposition)—with regard to the internal trade of the country, and this his noble friend brought forward as an argument against taking those precautions which the wisdom of all former times, as well as the present, had taken against their trade becoming a one-sided trade, powerless to obtain the smallest advantages from other countries. (Cheers.) The right rev. prelate might contend that the perfection of legislation was an approximation to a state of nature, but unfortunately their lordships were not able to approximate to a state of nature. They required clothing—(a laugh),—and if it were possible, it would not be decent to do without it.—(Continued laughter.) Their Lordships should bear in mind that they were legislating for flesh and blood, and not for Utopia. The noble lord had said that the sliding scale must produce fluctuations in price; he (Lord Stanley) had simply proved what it had done.—(Cheers.) He thought, too, their Lordships were about to have some proof that foreign nations were disposed to follow their example in the matter of free trade. The noble Lord the secretary for foreign affairs had not given the house that encouraging explanation. He had with great surprise heard it stated by the noble lord, the under secretary for the colonies, that he conceived the great and only advantages of the colonies was that they were an outlet for the surplus population, and he deprecated all advantage, in a commercial point of view, from our colonial possessions. If the noble Lord did hold the colonies in the light he mentioned, and his opinions were correct, then not only were they useless, but they were burdens and incumbrances upon this country. As for an outlet for the surplus population, it might be found wherever there was a fine climate and fertile soil, and they would continue to be our customers, unless indeed they fell into hands of some foreign nation in the absence of this system of protection.—(Hear.) And with reference to Canada, they were not to wait until they had received the next mail from Canada, to see whether the people there maintained the opinion they had so unanimously by the last accounts expressed. His noble friend seemed to think that Lord Cathcart was not so strongly of opinion that this measure would be ruinous as he had before expressed himself. If that were so, let them have the statement of Lord Cathcart. Then, had they consulted Lord Metcalfe? He was a man of liberal principles, in favour of general free commercial policy, and if they had not consulted him, they had failed in that which it was incumbent upon them to have done. Then with respect to Ireland, the distress of the people arose not from the dearth of food, but from the want of employment, and that evil this measure would not remedy. There was one point which he thought had not yet been touched upon, and that was the question what would be the consequence if the price of corn were to fall; why the price of all other commodities would fall too, he did not say in proportion, but it would fall with the price of corn. The result of that would be a rise in the value of money. It was on the money interest, therefore, that their Lordships were about to confer a boon by this change.—(Hear, hear.) In other words, they were about to increase to an enormous extent the national burdens. (Cheers.) His conviction was, that if food was cheapened by means of depreciating wages, the labouring classes would the soonest find that the cup they had been made to drink was bitter, whatever might have been the sweetening hopes that induced them to put that cup to their lips. He knew that many of their Lordships were going to vote for the bill, not because they thought it for the benefit of the country, but because they thought the people clamoured for it. In a short time there must be an appeal to the people. Supposing that their Lordships had yielded to the wishes of the House of Commons; that their Lordships had changed not their opinions but their votes.—(cheers);—well, an election came, and the people confirmed the opinion they gave in 1841, and a bill to repeal this measure and re-establish protection, passed through the House of Commons. Would their Lordships be consistent in their inconsistency, and would they, because they had passed this measure resist the clearly expressed opinion of the people; or would they again go back to their former opinions? (Loud cheers.) Let them not cast a reflection on that which ought to be the character of their lordships' house, by following the various changes of popular opinion, even if that popular opinion were really manifested by the various mutations of the House of Commons.—(Loud cheers.)

Earl GREY then rose.—He thought there had been no reluctance to meet the speech of his noble friend (Lord Stanley). The very same evening, his noble and learned friend (Lord Brougham) had torn absolutely to tatters great part of his noble friend's speech. Could any one who had heard the noble earl near him (Lord Clarendon) deny that he had proved most conclusively, that wherever restrictions had been removed, and free importation had been admitted, a great increase and improvement in the home produce had taken place? His noble friend (Lord Stanley) had spoken in a triumphant air, and said that his noble friend near him (Lord Montague) had fallen into a great blunder by quoting the preamble of an act of parliament as an argument in favour of removing restrictions, when the act related only to the internal trade, and not to the trade with foreign countries. The argument of his noble friend (Lord Stanley) was that we could not enforce reciprocity from foreign countries, as we did between county and county. It was a new light in the noble lord, that protection was only desirable where we could not have reciprocity.—[Lord STANLEY: I never said so.]—In that case the preamble quoted by his noble friend (Lord Montague) was applicable—(hear, hear.)—and there was an end of the mare's nest which he had discovered, that the preamble was only applicable where we could have reciprocity, as between county and county. He was happy to inform the noble lord, that the noble earl behind him (the earl of Clarendon) had a letter from Lord Metcalfe, in which he expressed his regret that he was not able to come down to that house to state his views in favour of this measure.—

(Hear.) The noble Lord had used as one of his arguments in favour of the sliding scale, the statement that it was productive of steady prices; and in endeavouring to prove this, he compared the prices of this country with those of foreign countries;—and how did he do so? In so far as respected the produce of this country, he took the *Gazette* prices; but in regard to foreign countries he took the market price of the articles. Could anything be more erroneous than this mode of proceeding? The noble lord spoke of the effects of this measure on Ireland, and he illustrated his view by saying that Irish estates were generally heavily burdened, and that the landlords there had no means of contributing to the improvement of their estates. Now, the present measure could only injure such landlords as those in the way of reducing their rents, and thus the noble lord was led to use the old argument formerly brought forward in the House of Commons, where it was scouted by the noble Lord himself, that the use of a corn-law was to raise rents, in order to enable landlords to pay their mortgages. Something of the same kind fell from him in the course of his first speech. In alluding to what was said in the other house by the prime minister, his noble friend observed that perhaps that minister would find a pauperised aristocracy as difficult to manage as a proud aristocracy. When translated into its proper meaning, the language of his noble friend was, that the corn-laws were established for the benefit of a pauperised aristocracy.—(Cheers.) The noble Lord had brought forward the old argument, that cheap corn would produce lower wages; and that, in the face of facts, when corn was cheap wages were invariably low. He defied any noble Lord opposite to point out a country where there was peace, order, and security, with an absence of vexatious restrictions, in which cheapness of corn was not accompanied with high wages.

Lord BROUGHAM hoped the noble lord opposite (Lord Stanley) would now allow that his speech had been answered.—[Lord Stanley shook his head.] Oh, no doubt the noble lord did not think the answer satisfactory, perhaps it was less satisfactory to him than to any body in the house.—(a laugh) to hear it, coming unexpectedly upon him as it did, when he was in such a state of exultation and exaltation after the success of his able performance, received with the utmost applause by a most numerous audience, especially the part that were most flimsy.—(a laugh),—proceeding from the mouth to the ear, but not coming from the brain to the heart.—(a laugh)—adapted most skillfully to catch that applause by soothing every feeling that was most boiling in the breasts of the audience, and flattering every prejudice under which they were not labouring, but exulting—as a sacred authority, he thought, said, “glorying in their chains.” But there were two points which the noble earl (Earl Grey) had omitted to notice, and to which he (Lord Brougham) felt compelled just to direct attention by way of supplement. The noble lord began, “There is to be a fall in the price of corn.” That was always assumed; but nothing was so convenient as begging the question, especially upon a subject of nicely-balanced evidence and greatly disputed fact. (A laugh.) Said he, “There will be a great fall in the price of corn, and if corn falls, the money price of every other commodity will fall too. Now, the value of the currency rises as the value of commodities falls.” Granted. “Then if the value of money rises, look to it, you who have £800,000,000 of debt.” God forbid any should deny that. (A laugh.) But then came the consequence,—“because the price of commodities will fall, and the value of money rise one fifth; you will have added a fifth to all their public burdens.” (Much laughter.) Did mortal man ever hear of such outrageous nonsense? A man had an income of £100; his taxes were £10; he paid the £10 as best he could while the price of corn and other commodities were high. Then came the Corn Bill. He still gave £10 to his creditor; that he admitted was worth more than it was before. But he was not worth less. (Cheers.) He had £10 to pay as before; but he did not lose. The £90 which remained bought one fifth more commodities than before; and therefore he was a great deal better, and so was his creditor. But one word more upon a more serious point. They lived under a representative government. If, because a question was called a paramount question, parliament must be dissolved, and an appeal made to the people, there was an end to the representative system—they were governed by a democracy, and there was an end to the representation. A representative was sent to parliament, not as a delegate, but as a person who was to consult, not for this particular constituency or that, but for the whole empire. The noble lord (Stanley) said, see what a dreadful position they would be in, for there must be a dissolution soon, and then possibly the people of England would elect a house of commons which would call on their lordships to change their vote again. This was very plausible, but it seemed to him (Lord Brougham) to have no weight. The same argument might be used on every question on which the country was divided, and the result would be that their lordships, if they attended to such an argument, could never safely pass any important measure towards the end of a parliament. His (Lord Brougham's) belief was that the country, and even those noble lords who had expressed great alarm with respect to this measure, would not arrive at the next year without finding those fears chimerical. (Cheers.) He should have preferred a total repeal of the corn-laws, because that was the only conceivable final settlement of the question. He besought them to beware how they lightly rejected the present measure, which went at once, and not indirectly or circuitously, to their benefit as landowners.—(Hear, hear.) Let them think of the millions of capital now locked up, as he knew of his personal knowledge, waiting until this question of the corn-laws should be finally settled. Let them settle the question—finally and for ever settle it—and that capital would flow throughout the land, for purchase, for lease, for improvement, for loan.—(Cheers.) These were the grounds, in addition to those he had advanced when he last addressed their lordships, why he should vote for going into committee on the bill.—(Hear, hear.)

The LORD CHANCELLOR then put the question, “That the house do now resolve itself into committee;” upon which an amendment was moved to insert for “now,” “on Monday next.” The question was put and agreed to.—The house then adjourned.

On Monday, the 15th, the House went into committee on the bill, when the Duke of BUCKINGHAM moved the omission in the first clause of the date “1st February, 1849;” the effect of which would be to continue in operation the sliding scale—so that after 1849 the duty on wheat at 48s. would be 10s. per quarter, and at 53s. and upwards, 4s.

Earl RIPON opposed the amendment, on the ground of its being at variance with the principle of the bill.

Lord BEAUMONT contended that the bill would derange our foreign commerce as well as our agriculture, and attempted to show that the effect of the measure would be to put into the pockets of foreigners the amount of revenue which was sacrificed by the bill.

On a division the Duke of Buckingham's amendment was negatived, the members for the clause being 133, against it 102, majority 33.

On Tuesday, the 19th,

The Earl of WICKLOW moved an amendment to the effect that, after the 1st of February, 1849, there should be a fixed duty of 5s. on all foreign wheat,



not the produce of the British colonies, instead of 1s. duty as proposed by the bill.

A lengthened and interesting debate ensued, in which Lord Stanley and Lord Brougham took a leading part.

Their lordships divided on the amendment, when there appeared—contents, 107; non-contents, 140; majority for the government, 33.

The chairman reported progress, and the committee adjourned till Friday.

#### TBE CUSTOMS DUTIES BILL.

The Earl of DALHOUSIE moved the second reading of the customs duties bill, and stated generally the grounds on which it was based; after which he went through the details of the several articles in the tariff on which reductions were proposed, and concluded by repudiating the notion that the measure was one of pure free-trade, and therefore did not go far enough; it was no free-trade measure at all, but one for the removal of prohibitive, and the gradual repeal of protective duties.

The Duke of RICHMOND thought that the only reason for the reduction of these duties was to be found in the hostility of those who disliked the agricultural interests; his real objection to all free-trade measures was that they tended to reduce the wages of our own artisans and labourers. He moved that the bill be read a second time this day six months.

The Earl of WICKLOW thought the whole conduct of the government in this matter had been stamped with intolerable injustice.

Earl GREY complained that the bill wanted a clear and distinct principle. He accepted it, however, as a valuable instalment, and as a step in the right direction.

Lord ASHBURTON objected to the bill as most injurious to the interests of the country. He saw no reason why the present prosperous state of the country should not continue if it were not destroyed by impolitic measures; and defied the Government to show that this prosperity had anything to do with the alteration in the customs duties.

Lord MONTEAGLE thought the liberal commercial policy of the Government one of the main elements of our recent prosperity; the present measure was not only a step, but a great and considerable one in the right direction.

The bill was then read a second time, and ordered to be committed on Monday, the 15th.

#### Foreign Summary.

The Queen's birthday was celebrated, by special appointment, on Tuesday, June 9th. Bells were rung, great guns let off, and flags displayed from church-towers and mast-heads. At ten o'clock the household troops were paraded in St. James's Park, in the presence of Prince Albert, Ibrahim Pacha and suite, Prince George of Cambridge, and the Duke of Wellington. Her Majesty's Ministers and other Officers of State gave banquets. The club-houses and places of amusement, the houses of the Royal tradespeople, and many other dwellings, were illuminated in the evening. A countless throng of people and carriages filled the principal streets till midnight; the loveliest moon and the clearest atmosphere forming, with the blaze of gas and the radiance of many-tinted lamps, effects of light that Turner himself might have revelled in.

The first annual general meeting of the English Homoeopathic Association was held on Wednesday evening, in the great room of Society of Arts; which was completely filled. Lord Robert Grosvenor presided. The report stated a rapid increase of members; the total now being little short of six hundred. The funds of the society are also in a prosperous condition; a surplus of £40 remaining after a large expenditure during the year incurred by the publication of an octavo work on Homoeopathy, written by Mr. Sampson at the request of the Association, which had been issued at a low price, and a copy of which had been presented gratuitously to each of the members.

Ascot race week commenced most auspiciously, both as regards weather and attractiveness of programme. A sporting authority says—

"Ascot never offered so brilliant a series of prizes for competition as on the present occasion; and never, perhaps, was a strong list better timed. The amateur racing is a new feature in the programme, in which the only flaw is the small number of acceptances for the two classes of the Ascot Stakes, run on Tuesday. We should not omit to refer to Friday as exhibiting a proof of sterling improvement. Formerly it was a 'day after the feast,' in the fullest sense of the phrase; it will now be a feast of itself, the engagement, including the magnificent prize given by the Great Western Railway Company, being seven in number, with the certainty of at least one extra class of the Wokingham. The arrangements on the Heath, and of matters incident to the racing, are much the same as last year. The course, from the judicious use of guano and other manures, is well covered with grass, and in an infinitely better condition than any one could have expected from the late hot weather—better, in fact, than it was ever known.

The Earl of Mount-Edgcumbe, being unable from indifferent health to take part in the Corn-law discussions in the House of Lords, has addressed a letter from Bath to Lord Stanley, explanatory of his reasons for giving his proxy vote in favour of the Government measure. He still thinks that much danger attends the experiments; but, looking at the state of parties, and the force of opinion in favour of the change, he does not see how it could be safely resisted. The whole letter is creditable to Lord Mount-Edgcumbe's coolness and clearness of head; but the postscript has a peculiar significance—

"P.S. Since the above was in print, I have heard of the meeting at Lord John Russell's, and seen the report of Lord George Bentinck's speech. Not doubting, that from a Government they did not wish to thwart, the Irish measure would have been accepted by both, I am only confirmed in my belief that the suggestions I have ventured to make are well worthy of attention, come from what source they may. If Lord George Bentinck intends to take office with Lord John Russell, or, with his cheerers, to form a fellow joint to O'Connell's in his Lordship's tail—although nothing, in my opinion, can justify the violence of his language—his conduct may be in accordance with his public duty. The formation of a Government by his party alone is held, by all I have ever met with, as a chimera only calculated to raise a smile. The talent to vituperate and destroy a Minister, does not prove the ability to be one; and the determination to impede all government—aid none—though the expression of it may excite party cheers, will not gain the nation's confidence. The opinion that it is for the public good that the Queen should have an efficient Government is not entertained by the Duke of Wellington alone."

The Repeal rent for the week ending June 8th, was stated at one hundred pounds.

France.—The trial of Lecomte commenced on Thursday the 4th, before the Court of Peers at Paris, and terminated on the following afternoon.

The Peers were unanimous in finding the prisoner guilty, but divided as to his punishment. It is said that 196 voted for his being executed as a parricide, 36 voted simply for the punishment of death, and three voted for perpetual imprisonment.

On the following morning, Lecomte signed a petition to the King praying for mercy, and expressing deep repentance for his crime. It is reported that Louis Philippe was willing to spare the life of the assassin, but that his Ministers would not consent. The execution took place at five o'clock on Monday morning. The utmost secrecy was observed on the subject by all the officials; and in consequence comparatively few persons were present.

In the Chamber of Deputies, the Minister of Commerce made an announcement stating that the French Government had determined that henceforth the mail-steamer from Constantinople, on board of which there shall be a medical man, should be declared to have clean bills of health on the ninth day after the departure from the place of starting; merchantmen having a medical man on board shall be placed on the same footing; and those not having a medical man shall be subject to five days' quarantine from the time of their arrival at their destination. Vessels from Alexandria with a medical man on board shall be considered clean twelve days after leaving that port, and those having no medical man shall be subjected to twelve days' quarantine.

Spain and Portugal.—The Madrid journals of the 3d instant mention that the alarm felt by M. Isturitz about the progress of the Portuguese revolution had in some degree subsided. Still, by way of precaution, he is sending all the disposable troops to the frontier.

It is stated in the Journal des Debats of Tuesday, on the authority of a communication from Madrid, that the Duke of Palmella had demanded an explanation on the subject of the Spanish force assembled on the frontiers, and had made a formal remonstrance against the open encouragement given by Gonzalez Bravo to the enemies of the new Government. It is said that M. Isturitz has given the most positive assurances of the pacific intentions of Spain, and ordered his Ambassador to observe a strict neutrality in all the affairs of Portugal.

Rome.—Pope Gregory the Sixteenth departed this life on Monday the 1st of June. He had long laboured under a chronic affection in the legs, in consequence of his habit of remaining during the greater part of the day seated at his desk; and it is reported that the more immediate cause of death was a surgical operation performed on one of his legs, which produced violent inflammation, and terminated fatally in a few days.

The Journal des Debats gives the following particulars of his late Holiness—

"Mauro Capellari was born at Celluno, on the 18th September 1765. A Camaldolite monk, Capellari had rendered himself celebrated in his order by his ecclesiastical science and his deep knowledge of the ancient and modern languages of the East. A reputation of doctrine and of regularity which had spread beyond the cloister, and the general regard entertained for his character, had secured to the humble monk, long before he was summoned to the Sacred College, a consideration equal to that of the princes of the Church. In March 1825 Leo the Twelfth raised him to the dignity of a Cardinal; and soon after, he was placed at the head of the vast and important administration of the Propaganda, for which, by his African and Asiatic erudition, he was especially suited; and the talents he displayed in it confirmed his great reputation for capacity. In the Conclave of 1830, Mauro Capellari was one of the Cardinals most favoured by public opinion, and most violently opposed, in the Conclave, by what is called the Austrian party. In the Conclave of 1831, Cardinal Pacha, who was supported by that party, the leader of which was Cardinal Albina, had obtained nineteen votes at the ballot before last, and Cardinal Capellari twenty-six; but at the last ballot six or seven votes left Cardinal Albina's influence, and Cardinal Capellari obtained the majority. He had been elected Pope on the 3d of February 1831; and ascended the Pontifical throne under the name of Gregory the Sixteenth."

Cardinal de la Tour d'Auvergne is to proceed forthwith to Rome, to attend the Conclave of the Sacred College, which is to assemble immediately, to elect a new Pope. At the election of Popes, three powers—namely, Austria, France, and Spain—have each the privilege of annulling the first election, should the choice of the Sacred College be disagreeable to them. Cardinal de la Tour d'Auvergne will exercise this power in the name of the French Government. It is understood that Spain will act in concert with France on this occasion.

WEST INDIES.—The Tweed steamer, which arrived at Southampton on Sunday, brings very unfavourable accounts from the West Indies. Jamaica continued to suffer much from drought, and the crops must in consequence prove very deficient. Two hundred Coolies from Madras had reached their destination, Port Maria; and the ready employment they found on the various estates will, it is expected, encourage further immigration. Lord Harris, the new Governor of Trinidad, had arrived in that island; and had been received with every suitable demonstration by the inhabitants. An attempt to fire the gaol of Barbadoes was made by the prisoners. The leaders had been all subjected to punishment.

On Saturday, Ibrahim Pacha visited the Clarence Dockyard, Portsmouth, expressing unbounded delight at the bakery, and pronouncing the biscuit, the manufacture of which he had witnessed from the grinding of the wheat to the baking, to be "good." After examining the stores of rum, vinegar, beef, pork, sugar, tea, cocoa &c., he turned to his followers, and jocularly said, "It is no wonder with me that English sailors work and fight so well, when I observe the manner in which they are fed." He was next conveyed on board the Excellent gunnery-ship; where he witnessed the whole of the manoeuvres performed on board a sea-going man-of-war; with the perfection of which he frequently expressed his delight, by ejaculating "Bravo, bravo!" From the Excellent he proceeded to the Victory. On looking at the spot denoted "Here Nelson fell," Soliman Pacha related an anecdote: at the battle of Trafalgar, now above forty years ago, he was an officer in the French Navy; and the ship he was in was captured by Nelson, who placed her in tow of another ship to bring to England; but he cheated the hero by cutting the cables and tow-lines, and ran his vessel (the Bucentaure) on shore off Cadiz, and thus effected his escape.

On Wednesday, the Pacha commenced his tour of visits to the public buildings and institutions of the Metropolis. The Thames Tunnel was the first object. Next the Tower of London; where he inspected the jewel-house, the armoury, and the collection of ancient and modern guns—several of the former are of Egyptian manufacture. At the Mint, the Pacha was received by the Master, Sir George Clerk, and other functionaries; and, in addition to the ordinary processes of the establishment, saw a silver medal struck, for himself, to commemorate his visit. At four o'clock the party arrived at the Bank of England; where the Governor and Directors showed him the marvels, and entertained him with a dejeuner. He has been enrolled a member of the United Service Club.

The diamonds brought over by Ibrahim Pacha are of enormous value; some of them are as large as the half of a hazel nut. The state robes of scarlet and gold are gorgeous, and the hilt of the scimitar is ornamented with jewels of great value; the trumpets, drums, and other military emblems with which it is ornamented, being brilliants of the finest water, and in the centre of the hilt is a diamond of very large size. His pipe is of great size, and studded with diamonds.

**AFFAIRS OF THE RIVER OF PLATE.**—The London Morning Chronicle of the 8th, has the following announcement:

We have very great satisfaction in announcing that our government have at length determined upon bringing the affairs of the River of Plate to a settlement. We understand that Mr. Hood, a gentleman eminently qualified for the task, sailed on the 21st ult. in the *Devastation* steam frigate, direct for Buenos Ayres, with instructions to enter upon negotiations with General Rosas, with the view of bringing the questions to a settlement. The French Government have also sent orders to Rio, to Baron de Mareuil, to join Mr. Hood at Buenos Ayres. Lord Aberdeen is certainly entitled to credit for this determination. A frank though tardy admission of error is frequently atonement enough for many of its consequences; and the steps now taken to repair the ruinous effects of a policy suggested by interested parties, abetted by slavish partizans, and persevered in under misapprehension, reflect credit upon the promptitude and sagacity of the government.

We find the following curious details in the *Moniteur des Arts*:—"There exist at Rome secret work-rooms of sculpture, where the works manufactured are broken arms, heads of the gods, feet of satyrs, and broken *torsi*—of nobody. By means of a liquid there used, a colour of the finest antiquity is communicated to the marble. Scattered about the country are goat-herds, who feed their flocks in the vicinity of ruins, and look out for foreigners. To these they speak incidentally of the treasures found by digging a few feet deep in such neighborhoods. The English, in particular, are the victims of such mystification; and freely yield their money to the shepherds, who are agents to the *General Artificial Ruin Association*, and know well where to apply the pickaxe. They are careful, however, to spend much time and labour in fruitless search, before they come finally upon the treasure—for which the foreigner willingly pays. England is full of these antiquities of six months' age. Nor do the amateur numismatists leave Rome with empty hands; for in that city are daily coined, without fear of the law, the money of Cæsar, Hadrian, Titus, Helio-gabalus, and all the Antonines—filed, pinched, and corroded, to give the look of age. Paris may be said to have hitherto, by comparison with London, escaped this epidemic for the youthful antiquities of bronze and marble—but she is devoured by the forgers of Middle-Age antiques. It is notorious with what skill and impudence certain cabinet-makers manufacture chairs, tables, and foot stools of the fifteenth century, and how readily they find dupes. A young antiquarian showed, lately, with great pride, to an artist, a friend of his, a very fine article of Gothic furniture, which he had just bought at great cost. "It is very fine," said his friend, after examination, "and it will last you long—for it is quite new!"

Tidings from La Plata announce the death of M. Aime Bonpland, the celebrated naturalist, and fellow-traveller of Baron Humboldt—so long held prisoner by Dr. Francia in Paraguay,—as having taken place in Corrientes; where, since his release, the philosopher has resided.

We find it stated, in a French scientific paper, that Siberia contains gold in such abundance, that its discovery is likely to produce a financial revolution in Europe similar to that which took place on the discovery of Peru. In the period of the last fourteen years, the produce of the gold mines in that country is said to have doubled. Eleven thousand persons are daily employed in washing the mineral; and three times the number could be so occupied if the hands could be found. Nothing but this want of labourers, adds our authority, prevents the markets of Europe from being filled with the gold of this rich deposit.

### Miscellaneous Articles.

#### GYMNASTICS.

There are several periods of life during which gymnastic exercises are especially useful; and also some particular circumstances as to the constitution, health, rank, or occupation of individuals, which absolutely require their employment.

In both boys and girls, especially, however, amongst the latter, while children, and indeed during the whole period of their growth, the benefits of regular gymnastic training, under the direction of a professed teacher, are very apparent.

As to children, while growing, gymnastics not only tend, as is obvious, to strengthen the whole assemblage of bones, joints, ligaments, tendons, and sinews, as so many levers, fulcra, pulleys, and cords, without which no exertion, or even movement of any kind can be effected; (as upon the strength, solidity, and power of resistance of these, and capability of making vigorous efforts of any kind, without danger must depend;) but they also directly cultivate, condense, and corroborate all the various classes of muscles connected with these bones and sinews, or "thews," as moving powers; upon which all vigour, rapidity and continuity of motion and exertion must rest. And both these effects they produce, not as to one single part or some isolated portion of the body, as dancing does; nor as to only one lateral half of it, like fencing; nor as to merely the lower half of it, like walking; nor only as to one set of limbs, or extremities, lower or upper, like many ordinary exercises, which leave all the rest of the frame unexercised; as is the case too commonly with the plays of children, and especially among the upper classes of society, in towns, and more particularly among girls. These ingenious gymnastic exercises are so contrived, so gradual, so varied, and, at the same time, so exactly successive, as to call into play one after another, all the various classes of muscles at every part of the body; whether named by anatomists, flexors or extensors; adductors or abductors; pronators or supinators; vators or oblique; and whether connected with the head or neck; thorax or abdomen; chest or back; arms or legs equally; and not only of each of these parts, as a whole; but at every several joint of each individually.

Were such exercises as these regularly used, and systematically followed out, during the whole period and process of growth, from infancy to childhood, and from childhood to boyhood and girlhood, we should see much fewer weakly and ill-formed, or even deformed youths of either sex; and children would also be much freer from sickness and irritability; for it is found, practically, by uniform and multiplied experience, that not only the seeds of many illnesses and even diseases, but also the internal damped causes of many ill-temperers are, as it

were worked off by muscular exertion, pulmonary perspiration, cuticular perspiration, and by the greatest employment and exhaustion of all superfluous and nervous energy and excitability, induced by these exercises, and so diverted from the brain; so that they leave a contented quiet feeling of enjoyment after them, and a liking for temporary rest and quietness, without the weariness of fatigue; and this not only as concerns the body, but the mind, spirit, and temper, too. Experience, also, proves that even in the case of children who inherit weakly constitutions from either or both parents, much may be done to prevent evil consequences, and even to ensure strength and vigour, and to shield from the invasion or perpetuation of feebleness of body, or disease of some of its organs, by the early and preserving use of systematized gymnastic exercises, combined, of course, with proper diet and suitable raiment, and with adequate country air and wholesome residence, while cleanliness of skin, by cold washing or bathing, and other precepts of Hygiene, are carefully observed, which the public are now beginning to understand to be more worthy of study and practice than the old system of dosing by drugs for every slight symptom of illness, and coddling up, by confinement, and too great warmth of houses, bed-rooms, bed-clothes, and clothing, until children were rendered totally unfit to bear the variations of this climate, or to encounter the usual occurrences, unfavourable to health, to which every one who is engaged in the active business of life, in its manifold varieties, must be occasionally exposed.

And again, at the period when the constitutions of growing boys and girls, especially the latter, are undergoing various important changes, namely, at the ages of about fourteen, fifteen, or sixteen, sometimes earlier, sometimes later; when they are becoming what, in old English times, used to be called "lads and lasses," the value of gymnastics is fully as manifest. These exercises regulate many functions of the body that are then, for the first time, becoming important, and determine whether the changes then operating in the body shall issue in increased health and permanent vigour, or be perverted into sources of future discomfort and disease, or shall undergo only imperfect developments of functions and of their regularity, which may entail many years of doubtful health, or even continuous inaptitude to the future destinations as men and women.

#### PARIS ACADEMY OF SCIENCES.

June 4.—Several astronomical and mathematical papers were read,—the most remarkable by M. Leverrier. The object of it is to prove that there exists in our solar system a large planet, which nobody yet has seen, but the orbit of which M. Leverrier has calculated, and which, he says, may be seen on the 1st of January next year. He states that he was led to his discovery by the observations collected since 1690 on the course of Uranus. The insurmountable difficulty experienced by geometers, says M. Leverrier, in representing the real course of Uranus by analytical formulae might arise from various causes. Either the theory was not sufficiently precise, and they had neglected in their calculations some of the influence due to the perturbatory action of the neighbouring planets, Jupiter and Saturn; or the theory had not been compared with the observations with sufficient correctness in the construction of the tables of the planet; or, finally, some unknown cause, acting upon Uranus, added other influences to those which result from the action of the Sun, of Jupiter, and of Saturn. To get out of this alternative, it was necessary to resume the whole theory of Uranus,—recalculate, discuss the observations, and compare them with each other; and this hard task he undertook. The result is, the positive conclusion, that the irregularity of the movement of Uranus is to be attributed to a special cause, independent of all analytical error, and deduced from the constitution of the planetary system itself. The fact of the existence of this cause being established, it was necessary to determine its nature,—and, therefore, a new career opened upon M. Leverrier. Was it admissible, as some astronomers had proposed, to modify the law of gravity for the distant regions in which Uranus moves; or did it suffice to assume the resistance of the ether or the influence of an obscure satellite moving round Uranus, or the accidental shock from a comet? Or was he to admit of a still unknown planet whose existence was shown by the anomalous movement of Uranus? M. Leverrier adopted the latter hypothesis; and, proceeding upon that basis, has come to a conclusion, from all calculations and observations, that no other is possible. This planet he says, is situated beyond Uranus, at a distance double that which separates Uranus from the Sun, and in a slightly inclined orbit.

**A Visit to Abernethy.**—He was rather under the middle stature, and somewhat inclined to corpulency; yet so slightly, that the idea of *fat* never entered into the mind of any one who looked on him. His face was very peculiar, and somewhat pear-shaped—that is, it was narrower than ordinary at the summit of the forehead, which was high, and ploughed transversely with deep furrows. His eyes were small, deep set, grey, and very keen and twinkling. There was evidently a good deal of sarcastic humour in the lines about his mouth. The nose was long and well shaped. A soiled white cravat enveloped his portly double chin and neck; and his dress, which seemed to have been huddled on, not put on, consisted of a blue dress coat, cut in antique style, and decorated with bright brass buttons, a lemon-coloured waist coat, and snuff-coloured "continuations," and a mean-looking pair of old red slippers, which only half-concealed some white brown stockings, completed his costume. "Now then, which of you wants me?" were his first words, which he uttered without removing from his elegant position before the fire. The elder lady, by a sign, indicated that her daughter was the patient; and was about detailing the symptoms, when he interrupted her with, "There, hold your tongue, madam!" then sitting by the young lady, he felt her pulse, asked her a few questions, gave a peculiar shrug with his shoulders, and then said to her mother, "And pray, madam, how far have you brought your daughter to see me?"

"From B——, sir," was the reply. "Our family physician—"

"Didn't tell you to send her to Mr. Abernethy, I'll swear!" interrupted Abernethy; "a fool if he did! You've thrown away time and money, madam, by coming here."

"What! is there real danger, sir?" asked the frightened mother.

"Fiddle-de-dee, madam! There, ma'am, (handing her a slip of paper, on which was written the name of his publisher,) go and buy my book, and read page 84. I'll tell you how I came to write the book: there, sit down—we'll get the red edges off your daughter's tongue, and make it less like a lancet in shape, and she'll do well enough. A great hulky Yorkshire farmer came here to consult me, and told me such a long story that it made me sick. Finding he only did what other people did—tire my patience,—I thought I'd say, once for all, what I had to say on paper; and so I put it in a book, and it saves me a great deal of trouble. People come to me with their long stories, and then they wonder that I am rude to them. They abuse their systems, and then they expect me to set them to rights all at once. Good morning, madam!"



Exchange at New York on London, at 60 days, 8 s — per cent. prem.

## THE ANGLO AMERICAN.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JULY 11, 1846.

So bidding us farewell, he handed a prescription, which he had written while talking, put the three guineas, tendered as his fee, into his waistcoat pocket, and rang a small bell, which summoned a servant, who showed us through a different door from that by which we made our ingress. We had not gone half a dozen steps from the door when the young lady remembered that she had left her parasol on the table. She was hastening back for it, and had just reached the door, when it suddenly opened, and Mr. Abernethy appeared, holding it in his hand.

"Hullo!" he called out, in a voice that half-frightened the poor girl into hysterics, "Here is your what-d'ye-call it. What the devil d'ye leave your d—d traps here for?—I don't want 'em?" and he rudely thrust it into her hand.

Pen and Ink Sketches of Poets, &amp;c.

**A Boy's Letter.**—The following specimen of a boy's letter is from *Hood's Comic Annual*. There is such a truth of character in it—so much of that spirit of drollery, mixed with mischief, which often prevails in the young human beings of the male sex—that we cannot help declaring it to be, in its own words, "capital fun." The letter proceeds from a country boy, to what the polite letter-writer would call his "friend in town."

"Now, Bob, I'll tell you what I want. I want you to come down here for the holidays. Don't be afraid. Ask your sister to ask your mother to ask your father to let you come. It's only ninety miles. The two prentices, George and Will, are here to be made farmers of; and brother Nick is took home from school to help in agriculture. We like farming very much, it's capital fun. Us four have got a gun and go out shooting, it's a famous good one, and sure to go off if you don't full cock it. Tiger is to be our shooting dog, as soon as he has left off killing the sheep. He's a real savage, and worries cats beautiful. Before father comes down we mean to bait our bull with him. There's plenty of New Rivers about, and we're going a fishing as soon as we have mended our top joint. We've a pony, too, to ride upon, when we can catch him; but he's loose in the paddock, and has neither mane nor tail to signify to lay hold of. Isn't it prime, Bob? You must come. If your mother won't give your father leave to allow you—run away. Remember you turn up Goswell Street to go to Lincolnshire and ask for Widdlefen-hall. There's a pond full of frogs, but we wont pelt them till you come; but let it be before Sunday, as there's our own orchard to rob, and the fruits to be gathered on Monday. If you like sucking raw eggs, we know where the hens lay, and mother don't; and I'm bound there's lots of bird's nests. Do come, Bob, and I'll show you the wasp's nests, and every thing that can make you comfortable. I dare say you could borrow your father's volunteer musket of him without his knowing it; but be sure any how to bring the ramrod, as we have mislaid ours by firing it off."

**Blisters v. Flogging.**—We are informed by Sir C. Napier, that blistering was successfully tried as a substitute for flogging in two corps, and he is not aware that this mode of punishment was adopted in any other regiment. The commanding officer of one of the regiments in question, that stationed in Guernsey, where liquor is cheap, determined to try to put a stop to the crime of drunkenness on duty, by an appeal to the honourable feelings of soldiers, and, at the same time, to make drunkenness as unpleasant as possible, but without the lash. He gave out an order to say that he would not flog, but trust to the soldier's self-respect for keeping sober on duty. Next day a man was drunk and confined. The colonel, accompanied by the surgeon, went to the guard-house and felt the drunkard's pulse. He was declared to be in a fever. Nothing could be more true. He was, therefore, put into a blanket, and four soldiers bore him through the barracks, his comrades all laughing at the care taken of him. On reaching the hospital the patient was put to bed, and blistered between the shoulders, fed on bread and water for a week and then discharged cured. He was then brought on the parade, when the commanding officer congratulated him on his recovery from the fever, and sent him to join his company, when he was laughed at and jeered by his comrades during the space of a week. Many others underwent the same treatment; but the joke, though very amusing to the sober soldiers, soon began to be none to the drunkards. There was considerable pain and uneasiness—some bread, plenty of water; but no pitying comrades—no commiseration—no mercy. The experiment was completely successful. Not a man of that regiment was flogged in Guernsey from the time the men were treated with blisters; and a fortnight after there was no such thing as a man drunk for guard or parade. Now, this regiment had been in an infamous state.

**Sheridan.**—I had now, for the first time, an opportunity of seeing this remarkable man. He was then in the prime of his life, of his fame, and of his powers. His countenance struck me, at a glance, as the most characteristic that I had ever seen. Fancy may do much, but I thought that I could discover in his physiognomy every quality for which he was distinguished—the pleasantness of the man of the world, the keen observation of the great dramatist, the vividness and daring of the brilliant orator. His features were somewhat exaggerated, but their combination was so powerfully intellectual, that the moment when he turned his face towards you, you felt that you were looking on a man of the highest order of faculties. None of the leading men of his day had a physiognomy so palpably mental. Burke's spectacled eyes told but little; Fox, with the grand outlines of a Greek sage, had no mobility of feature; Pitt was evidently no favourite of whatever goddess presides over beauty at our birth; but Sheridan's countenance was the actual mirror of one of the most glowing, versatile, and vivid minds in the world; his eyes alone would have given expression to a face of clay; I never saw in human head orbs so large, of so intense a black, and of such sparkling lustre: his manners, too, were then admirable, easy without negligence, and respectful, as they ought to be in the guest at a Royal table; yet without a shadow of servility; he was also wholly free from that affectation of saying good things, which naturally tempts a man who cannot help knowing, that his good things are recorded; he laughed, and listened, and rambled through the common topics of the day with all the evidence of one enjoying the moment, and glad to contribute to its enjoyment. And yet, in all this ease, I could see that remoter thoughts from time to time passed through his mind; in the midst of our gaiety, the contraction of his deep and noble brows showed that he was wandering far away from the slight topics of the table; and I could imagine what he might be when struggling against the gigantic strength of Pitt, or thundering against Indian tyranny before the Peerage in Westminster Hall.

I saw him long afterwards, when the promise of his day was overcast, when the flashes of his genius were like guns of distress, and when his character, talents, and frame were alike sinking. But, ruined as he was, and humiliated by folly as much as by misfortune, I have never been able to regard Sheridan but as a fallen star—a star, too, of the first magnitude; without a superior in the whole galaxy from which he fell, and with an original brilliancy perhaps more lustrous than them all.

The Mail Steamer *Britannia* has arrived, bringing our English files to the 19th inst. The news on the whole is highly satisfactory, but it is not altogether unchequered with matters which every friend of the British empire must regret: an immense political victory has been won, but we fear we must add that, like that at Trafalgar, the price is too dear when it is attended by the loss of the conquering "commander-in-chief."

The great legislative question, which, as the precursive harbinger of liberalized commercial policy, will be hereafter considered as the glory of the nineteenth century, was so nearly settled beyond a doubt, at the time the *Britannia* sailed, that no question is on our mind that while we pen these words, it is the law of the land, and the British consumer of bread will henceforth be allowed to buy it at the cheapest market. And why should it not be so? In this, as in all the other bounties of Divine Providence, we know that the general precept of the beneficent Donor is "Freely have I given, therefore freely participate!" Nature knows nothing about national, selfish restrictions; protective they are called, but they are sectionally so at the expense of the great community of mankind. Taxes, it must be freely granted, are necessary for the maintenance of the state, the security of property, the maintenance of public and private rights, but beyond these necessary objects they are but imposts which fetter commerce, disturb national harmony, narrow down the proportion of human enjoyments, and weaken energies which require the stimulus of competition to be kept in due degree of action and progress.

When did heavy protective imposts ever do good to the country which imposed them? We venture to say never; unless to the few manufacturers at the expense of the many people at large. People are not over-anxious to improve in their handiwork when they know that a superior article must not come into the market; it follows therefore that the people, who are the customers and the real sufferers, have to pay high prices for inferior qualities, because they have but "Hobson's choice." Whereas if fair competition were allowed, say from abroad, the native manufacturer will either struggle to render the foreign article unnecessary, or turn his capital into employment upon materials upon which his own country has the advantages (for every country under heaven has such) and leave off that which it is evident can be had better and cheaper elsewhere.

This mode of argument, we venture to say, applies to Corn as well as to manufactures, and hence the Noble Lord was right, when in the course of the debate he said he accepted the bill "as an instalment." We trust it is but an instalment, to be followed up by other payments to common sense and general happiness,—under prudent regulations and with just regard to existing circumstances. For it must not be forgotten that, in past times when stronger prejudices and more confined views existed respecting national intercourse and national preferences, institutions have been established which have taken deep root and have spread their foundations widely and most intricately throughout every land; which roots and their effects are not to be rudely cut away, dissevered, but trimmed, skilfully reduced, and managed so that while all things extraneous are gradually eradicated, the health of the stem and branches shall be increased instead of injured.—We would—as regards our wishes on the matter—that the most unrestricted, free, open trade in every species of honest commerce existed at this moment—if it had never been otherwise. But man is a finite being, and all human institutions are both imperfect and corrupt; therefore we would not rudely tear away and destroy, for we could only give in lieu something else imperfect and corrupt, but only attempt to ameliorate and amend, cautiously, according to the dictates of prudent experience.

On this account we can feel respect for the prejudices of the most ultra protectionist, when they are manifestly honest; for the doctrines of protection have been so generally disseminated, believed in without due reflection, and carried out so habitually, that they come to be maintained as the dictates of reason, though they have been really founded in selfish exclusiveness.

But let us look at the cost of this great victory. The Whigs are angry that this important measure should have been carried out by their greatest political opponent, and therefore they watch every hole and corner, and they twist, and turn, and make unnatural coalitions, to effect, if possible, the political ruin of him who has hid their sun with his blanket, and whose measure they could not consistently oppose. The Tory landlords are angry, for they have, in prospect, as it seems to them, visions of their estates at greatly reduced rents, and they are bent on ruining the man who has thus, as they pretend, robbed them and their heirs. These also are having recourse to unnatural coalitions, the more effectively to carry out their purposes. And when they have done so—supposing that they can—what then? Will these Whigs, Tories, and Repealers form a coalition ministry? Is there, in any one of these parties, material for the formation of a ministry? The Whigs may, for a time, a very brief one, but they are anything but popular in the country, and everything will quickly be in "most admired disorder," the master-mind will be lost to them, and they will miss him both as to conjunction and opposition.

It is strange how some of mankind can have been led so long by the nose, by a man who they combine to declare has for a long series of years been in the habit of treacherously deceiving them and leaving them in the lurch. They must themselves have been marvellously weak and helpless. This we suppose harmonises with their notions of consistency, in compliance with the dictates of which, as they began by having reliance upon him, so they continued to rely. For our own part the thing which we most admire in him is this, that though he

seldom has originated great measures, he has always had clear perceptions of those of others, and has seldom failed to adopt them himself, with improvements;—for it may be said of him as of Goldsmith, that he "*non tegerit quod non ornavit*,"—and our great objection to him was that he took up the expressed ideas of others without acknowledgement, not unfrequently upsetting the objects when broached by the originators, and afterwards bringing them to maturity himself under other names and dresses.

But with all the drawbacks that can be alleged against the public character of Sir Robert Peel, he is nevertheless one of the greatest men of his age, he has done incalculable service to his country, and this, his possibly last measure, is one that will be invaluable to the world at large, for it will be the commencement of liberal principles of commerce, soon to be disseminated in all directions, and the progress of which neither ignorance nor despotism can prevent.

It is said that the Irish Coercion Bill will be the door of exit to the Right Hon. Baronet, and it is not improbable that he may so make use of it, but although a ministerial measure, we do not perceive it to be of such vital importance as necessarily to cause resignation by its failure.

There seems to be but one opinion among the members of the Press in England with respect to American prowess and conduct in the affairs of Mexico, and General Taylor has evidently won "golden opinions" both for his military talents and his frank brevity. We could quote from numerous journals to this effect, but the following, from the *London Morning Chronicle*, so completely includes the spirit of all the rest that we shall offer no apology for giving it a place here:—

"*Nil admirari*. Such is the motto of Great Britain in respect to the great deeds of America. She views them coldly, quietly, and without either wonder or emotion. She is as little surprised at their occurrence as the mathematician is astonished at the accuracy of his own calculations. She sees her way both to them and through them, and would have been more surprised had they turned otherwise than they have done.

"These feats on the Rio Grande have been gallant and successful. No man in England doubts it. No man in England suggests even a second interpretation of them, nor cares about refining upon their natural signification. We admit, without reservation, that they exhibit some important facts, and that to some extent, viz.: the transcendent merits of the American army, the strategic skill of the officers, the impetuous energy of the soldiers, the considerate forbearance of the sutlers. For any exception that we take to his conduct, Gen. Taylor may deserve a triumph, and Capt. Ringgold the honors of an ovation. They have fought well, and kept up a character which was before high enough to be independent of either bravado or exaggeration. More than that, they have just done what we expected, and what we foretold they would do. Who so dear to us as the man who fulfills our prophecies?"

"The Mexicans themselves are not dishonored. Let those who think lightly of American courage attribute the success in question to the weakness of their enemy, rather than to the valor of their conquerors. We reject the alternative. America won the fight through her own inherent heroism. The cause was gained by the strength of the one, rather than by the weakness of the other.

"Such is the fact—a fact probably admitted through the whole length and breadth of Great Britain; by the Gael and Welshman, as well as the con sanguineous Anglo-Saxon."

The Editor of the Manchester Guardian, however, does not think it all "plane sailing" and hints that the real difficulties have yet to come; he says:—

"We are somewhat surprised to find many parties assuming that the victories on the Rio Grande prove the utter inability of the Mexicans to contend with the United States troops, and that they will put a speedy end to the war. We never doubted the success of the Americans in pitched battles, if the Mexicans should be unwise enough to engage in them; nor do we now doubt the ability of General Taylor to drive his enemies from Matamoros, and to penetrate into Mexico, as far as the nature of the country, and his ability to procure supplies, will enable him; but if the Mexicans are firm, the real contest will be then only beginning. Like all men of the Spanish race, the Mexicans are admirably fitted for guerilla warfare; and the Americans would soon find that they had something else to do than to fight pitched battles; that the sort of warfare most fatal to an invading army is that which he has to sustain with hunger, and thirst, and toil, and with foes who keep out of his way until they can take him at advantage. We believe that if the Mexicans should display one-half the constancy which has been usual under similar circumstances amongst their Spanish and South American brethren, the war is not only far from a termination, but that it will require great sacrifices from, and inflict great losses upon, the invaders, before they can dictate terms of peace to the Mexican people."

"Othello's occupation's gone,"—Mr. Disraeli is completely outdone by Lord George Bentinck in the act of vituperating. It is true the latter cannot glaze so well as the former, but he is a much greater master in that species of oratory called personal abuse. His Lordship gave a splendid specimen of this in the course of a recent debate on the Coercion Bill, some of his figures of rhetoric being from the school of the Fives Court and the Royal Cockpit, and the whole being wound up with a direct charge that Sir Robert Peel had "hunted to death" his (Lord George's) illustrious relative, the late Mr. Canning. Strange as it may appear, there is now and then to be heard, even from noble tongues, a touch of blackguardism; probably upon the occasion to which we allude there might be an attempt to throw Sir Robert off his centre, to excite him, and get up a sensation. If so, it was a failure; the reply did not immediately take place, but though the rod was suspended, it was to fall at last, and his Lordship was made to writhe under the infliction which was given with dignified and deliberate sternness.

Wilmer & Smith's *European Times* contains in full the reply of the English Colonial Secretary, Mr. Gladstone, to Lord Cathcart, or rather to the Address of the Canadian House of Assembly. It is exceedingly courteous, but very firm, and its object seems chiefly to shew that as, in all former cases, anticipated mischiefs had been agreeably overrated, so in the present case the merchants and cultivators of Canada would find the workings of the measures now in agitation to act more beneficially than present fears would yet allow them to see. The style of the reply, which we regret is too long to be put in *extenso* in our co-

lums evidently shews the great importance in which the British Provinces of America are held at home, but at the same time it evinces that the Ministers have "girded up their loins" to the great fight of free trade measures, and have, as they think, taken due precaution to cover all the ground which they ought to cover.

Convict prisoners in Limerick Gaol, to the number of 107, have recently contradicted in a practical manner, the claim of "Mush" to the sobriquet of "Peace Pudding" for they steadfastly refused to eat it, nor would they go to work until wheaten food was administered to them as beforetime.

#### A TRIP FROM NEW YORK TO BUFFALO.

Well, here we are, pen in hand, to fulfil a threat hastily uttered, to write remarks upon a tour made by travellers to the number of at least a thousand per diem, and consequently where a novelty may be considered as a miracle. Be it so,—the enlistment was voluntary, and a faithful soldier will at least "fight out the fight;" we can at any rate make a brief itinerary of our article, and if it prove anything like a correct guide to a future wayfarer in the direction it describes, it will not, after all, have been written entirely in vain.

A person bound from New York to the western extremity of the State usually starts from this city in the evening; his journey to Albany being considered but as preparatory to his main end; for he sups and sleeps on board of the Steamboat selected by him, he awakes and finds himself at the real "place of departure," and can commence the journey, if it suit his pleasure and convenience, at 7:30 A.M.—But stop!—this is dismissing the trip to Albany too hastily. Let it first be understood that the pleasure of this preliminary passage may be marred or increased by attending to certain considerations. In the first place, the Mail boat departs at 5 o'clock, P.M., and the "through" boats leave at 7; consequently by the former the passenger has more day-light by the aid of which to enjoy the beautiful scenery of the Hudson—some of which is of surpassing grandeur and sublimity—than by the latter; but then again, he must make up his mind to have all his affairs concluded two hours sooner at N. York, and to have numerous stops and a more tedious passage throughout the trip than by the later boats, and he no nearer the commencement of the main journey than if he had started later. As for the Steamboats on the Hudson, they may be throughout characterised as large, roomy, well-fitted, fast-going craft, all—that we know of—commanded by gentlemanlike, obliging captains, and all spreading abundant tables of good provisions. We mean no disparagement to others when we select for the present the two in which we journeyed; these were the "*Columbia*," which lands and receives passengers at Albany, but whose entire trip is from New York to Troy,—a few miles farther north, and the far-famed "*Hendrick Hudson*," which runs between New York and Albany and no farther. The former of these fine vessels never exceeds her ten hours to Albany, is roomy, clean, convenient, and commodious, and it is said can occasionally cut a clear hour off what is her usual average of speed; the latter in a measure falls in with the extravagant wish of the innamorato,—

"Ye gods annihilate both time and space  
And make two lovers happy;"

for she actually has made her 156 miles in 6 1-2 hours.—After all, however, if the traveller should happen to be not a business man, or not circumscribed too closely as to time, it will always repay him to make the trip by day, when he can see all the beauties of the varied scenes every moment presented to his eyes.

As the traveller, whose grand object is the pursuit of his journey westward or northward, will desire to be as near his point of departure as possible, it may be useful to name the Hotels in which he can best be accommodated, with such a view. These are, in Albany, the Delavan House, if the wayfarer be strictly a "Temperance" disciple, or the Mansion House, if the extreme discipline of that principle be considered too severe. Either of these is within a few yards of the Railway Station, and convenient for any route from thence. In like manner, at Troy there is the Troy House, equally contiguous to the starting point in every direction, and—to say much in little—the proprietor is brother in all things to that prince of hosts Mr. Colman of the Astor House in this city. Readers, the course is now clear for you, to proceed to Boston, to Montreal, to Saratoga, to New York, or to the great West. Our present course is towards the last mentioned.

The junction of the Albany and the Troy trains bound westward takes place at Schenectady, one of the most ancient towns of the state, and from hence the eyes of the traveller are delighted as he pursues, for many a mile, his course through the rich and well-cultivated valley of the Mohawk, passing in his course the rapidly increasing villages of Amsterdam, Fonda, St. Johnsville; the romantic and busy place called Little Falls, where he will be pestered to death by young Diamond merchants, the thriving town of Herkimer, and so on until he arrive at the beautiful and busy city of Utica. Here is a stopping place; here time is allowed to the onward traveller, to take a meal, and here are two excellent Hotels where he can be well supplied with that essential refreshment. We allude to Baggs' hotel, and that of McGregor; the former being the larger establishment, but the latter the more quiet and retired. Here also the traveller in search of the picturesque makes a halt for a day or two; for, besides the numerous beauties of Utica itself, its immediate vicinity, and the pleasing contemplation of its rapidly increasing importance in a commercial point of view, the traveller can make an excursion of a few miles of pleasant road to the delightful and romantic Trenton Falls, which, if not upon the largest scale, can at least boast of the most picturesque and interesting effects on the beholder.

When Utica and its vicinity have exhausted their attractions, the wayfarer, who is now about 94 miles from Albany turns his face towards the West; again he is delighted with the Mohawk valley, again he continues to pass through



thriving villages, though we must confess there is a strange incongruous medley of names to them; they being a mixture of English, Indian, and ancient classical, together with many after the proper names of persons in ancient history. Thus we have Rome, Verona, Oneida, Wampsville, Chittenango, *Manlius*, &c., until at length we arrive at Syracuse. Now, sooth to say, this village of Syracuse bids fair to be as distinguished in the New World as the celebrated city from which it is named has ever been in the Old. It is but comparatively a few years ago that the site of the American Syracuse was a wilderness; it now consists of its thousands of magnificent houses, stores, warehouses, its wharfs, its canals, numerous inhabitants with busy faces, deep in the anxious cares of trade, and as for the comers and goers daily and hourly seen in its midst, their name must indeed be legion. What with the numbers that fly through by the Railroad cars thrice per diem each way, what with the crowds on the docks of the Canal boats on the Erie Canal, what with those on similar boats who come down from or go up to Oswego and the Lake Ontario, but whose general junction and departure are to take place here, Syracuse may indeed be said to swarm, and an idle person would be a curiosity. This town has for many years boasted the superiority of its great hotel the Syracuse House, but that is now eclipsed by another recently erected, which not only throws the former into the shade, but is far superior to any other, perhaps in the United States. This last is called the Empire House—a grandiloquent title it is true, but by no means unfitting the edifice thus distinguished, which besides being the largest is likewise the best fitted up, and the most complete in all its arrangements of any we have ever seen in either hemisphere. There is in fact a presiding genius in the proprietor, Capt. Charles H. Miller, who by some secret intuition contrives to be every where in this immense mansion, to know every thing that is passing in it, and to prevent even the wishes of its numerous inmates. Yet all is still, here is no bustle, all is done according to order and method, and, save the immense extent of the edifice every one becomes quickly familiar with the house and its ways. We must not omit to say, however, that the Empire House is conducted on Temperance principles, consequently, though abundance reigns in it, riots have no place there; and we shall conclude what we have at present to say concerning it, by recommending it warmly to all who make either a temporary or a long sojourn in Syracuse.

Besides the sources of business and wealth which the junction of the great Erie and Oswego Canals presents to this place, here is another which is great and abiding, and by which Syracuse must always be an important mart of trade. We allude to the immense salt works around it. The lake Onondaga in the immediate vicinity is a salt lake, strongly impregnated and of excellent quality. The extensive village of Salina immediately contiguous to Syracuse consists almost entirely of Salt works, the waters of the lake being conveyed by means of machinery into innumerable shallow vats, where the salt is disengaged by the simple means of solar evaporation. Similar works upon quite a large scale are carried on in the suburbs of Syracuse, and the latter place is the mart from whence Salt is sent in every direction, forming the permanent riches of the vicinity. A traveller who has time to remain a couple of days in Syracuse would derive much gratification from inspecting the numerous salt works which are carried on in Salina and Syracuse, and the immense pump machinery at the upper part of Salina would well reward the examination of all who are skilled in mechanical affairs.

But we must here break off for the present.

**Conflagration at St. Johns, Newfoundland.**—Two or three of the public presses of this awfully visited city have been partially set in motion, and at length the details of the dreadful fire are given. To sum these up briefly, there are upwards of 2300 houses entirely destroyed, rendering more than 12,000 persons homeless; there is but one mercantile establishment left standing, the value of property destroyed is estimated at nearly a million sterling, and there have even been apprehensions of famine to the wretched sufferers before relief could arrive. Fortunately the latter fear has been set at rest, as some cargoes of provisions have arrived in time. The activity of his Excellency Sir John Harvey, Governor of Newfoundland, of the Members of the Legislature, and of the more affluent residents is beyond all praise, and there is great reason to believe that a new city will speedily be raised on the ruins of that now destroyed, but constructed on better digested plans; and that the energies of the people, encouraged by the sympathy and assistance of others, will quickly enable the new St. Johns to resume its place as an important commercial emporium.

His Excellency the Governor has addressed the Governor-General of Canada, the Lieutenant-Governors of the several British American Provinces, the Colonial Secretary of the Government at home, and the British Consuls of New York and Boston, giving to each the details of this great calamity, and inviting their co-operation and assistance in aid of the numerous distressed.

The ruins of the devoted city extend over an area of more than 150 acres.

\* \* We heartily rejoice to learn that the Exhibition at the National Academy of Design this year, has realized nearly six thousand dollars; which is more than has ever been received since the commencement of its annual exhibitions. It is also to be recollected that in the very middle of the season there was an entire week of heavy and incessant rain.

\* \* We may possibly be rendering good service to our fair readers—and indeed to the more robust sex also—by intimating to them where they can be well supplied with every variety of the best perfumery, so acceptable in this warm weather. This, we can assure them, is to be found at Johnson's (late a partner in the firm of Sands & Co.) corner of Chamber Street and Broadway. In a New York summer, when the streets of the city unfortunately so abound with

bad smells, it is no trifling information to be aware how to ward off such disagreeable effects.

### The Drama.

**Niblo's Garden.**—On Tuesday evening the long-promised *Mlle. Blangy* made her debut in the Ballet of "The Vengeance of Diana," a very pretty subject produced under the direction of *M. Gabriel Ravel*. It is the well-known story of Diana (Madame Leon Javelli) becoming enamoured of the sleeping Endymion (*M. Henri*) who upon awaking falls in love with Calista (*Mlle. Blangy*), an attendant nymph of the Goddess. Diana discovering the mutual love of Endymion and Calista changes the former into a bear, and the latter into a flower. The bear is shot by hunters, but the deities on Mount Olympus restore the lovers to each other and join their hands. The dances are very well composed, and consist of *pas seules, des deux, et des trois*. Of the fair debutante one can hardly speak too warmly, she is full of grace, elegance, and above all, sprightliness, and she evinced exceeding professional skill. In face and person also she is very interesting, and her smile has a fascination in it. She is undoubtedly a great card, and after her "Neapolitan National Dance" with *M. Henri*, the call for her before the curtain was unanimous. She obeyed, was most enthusiastically cheered, and a splendid bouquet was thrown on the stage. Our old favorite Madame Javelli and her brother acquitted themselves in a highly satisfactory manner, but we regretted still to perceive traces of indisposition on the lady.

The Placide's benefit on Wednesday evening was a real bumper; and we are glad to learn that he will not leave this delightful summer resort.

**Chatham Theatre.**—The managers of this theatre have been using every care to ventilate the house during this season of hot weather, and they have been eminently successful in their endeavours. Spectacle is the class of performance here just now, and favorite performers are *Miss Anna Cruise*, *Mr. Marshall*, and *Mr. DeBar*. Following the example of Davidge of the Coburg Theatre, London, they quickly dramatise any passing event which causes a sensation. At present they are playing "The White Boy of Ireland," and "The Little Jockey."

**Greenwich Theatre.**—This house is doing a very good and steady business; the difficulties of a new undertaking are overcome, and the performances give high satisfaction. We learn that on Tuesday evening next, the 14th inst., the obliging and popular Treasurer of this establishment, *Mr. Draper*, will take his benefit, when a capital bill and his own merits to boot will insure him a full house.

### Literary Notices.

**Pictorial History of England.**—We have just received from the Messrs. Harper the fourth number of their splendid edition of this celebrated work: a work that assuredly ought to find its way into every domestic circle. The present issue is replete with interest, and exceedingly full of engravings.

**Somerville on the Physical Sciences.**—This is a production of singular ability, and confers a high character on the admirable series (Harper's "New Miscellany," of which it forms the last number. It is printed from the recently revised edition, and comes, therefore, before us with all the freshness and finish of a new scientific production, of a very high order. "It is a work," says the *London Quarterly*, "that ought to be in the hands of every youth who has mastered the first rudiments of learning."

**Professor Anthon's New Dictionary of Classical Antiquities; Abridged for Schools.**—This is a manual long required both by tutor and pupil: it will of necessity prove one of Dr. Anthon's most popular productions. Conveying in a compact and condensed form the quintessence of his larger work, including many important additions and improvements. A more acceptable volume could scarcely be suggested for the intelligent reader, as well as such as have been denied the advantages of classical studies. It is beautifully printed by the Harpers.

**Harper's Illuminated Shakespeare.**—Nos. 89 and 90.—This we have also received, richly illustrated by the magic pencil of Kenny Meadows and the graver of Hewitt.

**Dolores.**—By *Herro Harring*.—New York: Marrener, Lockwood & Co.—This work has made some noise in the world, through the suit which was lately carried on against the great New York publishers for declining to put it through their press. Under the circumstances we at present merely announce its appearance as above, and shall deliberately peruse the book before we say anything more concerning it.

**The Lancet.**—Edited by *Thomas Wakley, M.P.*—Reprinted by Burgess & Stringer, New York.—There can be but a stereotyped praise of this invaluable publication, unless some professional critic undertake occasionally to enter upon minute remarks on some particular number or article. The general character of the Periodical is well known.

**Barker's Magazine.**—We noticed a week or two ago, that we had received No. 1 of this literary undertaking, and now, upon examination, we tender to its editor the right hand of fellowship, and our voice of high approval, if they be worthy of his acceptance. The editorial articles evince a nerve and independence grafted upon a strong understanding and cultivated intellect, and we read with unqualified delight all he put to paper—except—except what? He is a dear lover of his country, English to the back-bone, a hearer of both sides in politics, a man of judgment in his perceptions, and of scholarship in his manner

of treating his subjects;—but—he is too good a hater. He may be placed as the antagonist of John Quincy Adams in national feeling, and we could well wish that the antipathies of either were lessened.—The scope proposed by Dr. Barker in his new undertaking is extensive, and we trust he will find many useful laborers in his vineyard. We most cordially wish him success.

### Cricketers' Chronicle.

#### MATCH IN HONOR OF N. FELIX, ESQ.

The exciting match between two picked elevens of gentlemen and players of England was commenced on Monday at Lord's Ground, Marylebone, and, as we anticipated, there was an immense assemblage of spectators, numbering, we should think, at least 5,000, among whom were the Marquis of Stafford, Earl Winterton, Earl Spencer, Earl Darnley, Earl of Eglinton, Lord Adolphus Vane (the three latter were elected members), Right Hon. Sir J. Graham, Bart., Lord E. Hill, Lord Marcus Hill, the Hon. F. Ponsonby, the Hon. R. Grimston, the Hon. F. Grimston, the Hon. A. Wrottesley, Sir T. Moncrieff, Bart., and lady; Sir St. V. Cotton, Bart., Sir A. Macdonald, Bart., Capt. Hood, Capt. Haygarth, Captain Baillie, and a vast number of influential gentlemen, patrons of and participants in the "noble game," from almost every part of the country. On Tuesday, shortly after the play had been resumed, his Royal Highness Prince Albert, attended by G. E. Anson, Esq., rode into the ground, and remained a spectator for nearly two hours, during which the Prince evidently manifested much interest in the proceedings. His royal highness was warmly greeted on his entrance, and was immediately waited upon by R. Kynaston, Esq., the hon. sec. of the club, and Mr. J. H. Dark, the proprietor of the ground, of whom he made numerous inquiries as to the nature of the game, in the course of which Mr. Dark exhibited to the illustrious visitor a bat, a pair of spiked shoes, and a new ball, the uses of which he had the honor of explaining. His royal highness expressed his acknowledgments to Mr. Kynaston and Mr. Dark for the information they had afforded him, and ere he departed intimated his intention of soon paying another visit to "Lord's."

The ground on this day was also crowded by nobility and the patrons of the game, but the match was not finished until Wednesday. Seldom have we seen so much brilliant play as was exhibited in this match, and the frequent plaudits of the spectators tended to show their appreciation of the splendid treat they were enjoying, the extreme fineness of the weather contributing greatly to the interest of the proceedings. G. Parr's batting was of so fine a character in the second innings of Mr. Felix's side that Mr. Kynaston presented him with half a sovereign out of the "Reward Fund," and the Hon. Captain Liddell added a similar amount, as a mark of his approval of the science the "Nottingham Star" had displayed.

Mr. Felix and Pilch selected sides, and Pilch's having won the toss commenced the batting, Lillywhite and Hillyer proceeding to the wickets, and Mr. A. Mynn and Dean being the bowlers. Hillyer obtained a single, the first ball delivered by Mr. Mynn, and Lillywhite received the remainder of the over, but did not get a run. Dean bowled his over without a run, and with Mynn's second there was a similar result. Afterwards Hillyer made another single from Dean, and Lillywhite commenced with two singles from Mynn; Hillyer also sent a ball from Mynn away for two, and Lillywhite followed his example, but Hillyer could not keep the next ball from Dean away from his stumps, and there were now eight runs for the loss of one wicket. Dorrington took Dean's place, and several overs were bowled without a run, but at length Dorrington led off with a two, and Lillywhite drove Mynn forward for the like number. Dorrington made two more singles and a beautiful hit for three, but shortly after he over-played a ball from Dean, and drew it into his wicket; two wickets down and 19 runs. Pilch joined Lillywhite, and soon made a cut for two from Mynn, but several overs were then bowled again, and not a run obtained. Lillywhite having scored two more singles, hit a ball round at the leg, rather high up, and Captain Liddell caught him out; it was a beautiful catch; three wickets down and 27 runs. Bushby was now called for, and he began with singles, and Pilch also obtained ones, but having scored five, he was caught by Dakin, the long stop, from Dean; four wickets lowered and 33 runs. Martingell occupied the vacant post, and Bushby then made a beautiful hit to leg from Mynn, but only scored three, the ball hitting the wall and rebounding. After Martingell had scored some single runs, Bushby sent the ball away again for four, and the play then went on steadily for some time, Martingell getting now and then a run. Bushby getting tired of such slow work, made another splendid hit to the leg from Dean for five with renewed cheers, but in the next over, Guy caught him at the point from Mynn; five wickets down, and 56 runs. Now came the celebrated wicket keeper, Wenman, who, although he had retired from cricket, consented to play in this match, and having marked a single, lost his companion, Martingell, who in the next over was caught by Dakin in the long stop, which made way for Sewell, who went to work, and made a beautiful cut from Mynn for four [cheers]; he made another single, when Guy caught him at the point from Mynn; seven wickets down, and 67 runs. R. Kynaston, Esq., was next in succession, and after a few balls had been bowled the dinner bell rang, and on play being resumed at four o'clock, Dean soon rattled Mr. Kynaston's stumps down. There were now eight wickets down for 69 runs. E. Napper, Esq., then made his appearance, but in the next over Mynn disposed of Wenman without any addition being made to the score. A. Haygarth, Esq., was the last of the eleven, and his first score was a three in the slip from Mynn. Mr. Napper also began with a three from Dean, and in the next over he repeated it from Mynn to leg [cheers]. This gentleman proceeded at a rapid rate, twos, threes, and fours being obtained amidst the plaudits of the multitude, Mr. Haygarth playing steadily, and getting now and then a run. A change in the bowling took place; Clarke went on at Dean's end, and the next over was bowled without a run. Mr. Haygarth made two from Mynn, and in the next over Mr. Napper sent a ball from Clarke away to the leg for five [cheers], but the next ball Mr. Taylor caught Mr. Haygarth from Clarke close to his bat. Mr. Napper bringing out his bat with 28 attached to his name, which included a five, a four, three threes, and two twos. The number of the score was 104, and Mr. Napper and Bushby played splendidly in the innings.

Mr. Felix's Side commenced their innings by sending in G. Parr and the Hon. Capt. Liddell, Lillywhite and Hillyer bowling. The first two overs were delivered without a run, but then Parr made a two to the leg from Hillyer, Capt. Liddell a one from Lillywhite, and the play went on rather rapidly, the Captain scoring two to the leg from Lillywhite, Parr three from Hillyer, and he then sent Lillywhite away for four to the leg [cheers]; but in the next over Wenman stumped him (Parr) from Hillyer; one wicket down for 15 runs. Guy filled the vacancy, when the Captain made a cut in the slip for four from Lillywhite, but the next ball Hillyer caught him

in the slip from Lillywhite; two wickets down and 22 runs. Now for the "great guns." N. Felix, Esq., now made his appearance, and as he walked up to the wicket to assist the Nottingham hero he was loudly cheered from all parts of the ground. Mr. Felix soon commenced with a two to the leg from Lillywhite, and Guy, who had been playing some time without scoring, at last obtained a single. Mr. Felix then made four more singles, when Lillywhite slipped one into his wicket, and for which service he was enthusiastically applauded; three wickets down and 32 runs. C. G. Taylor, Esq., then became the companion of Guy, and having scored a one, Guy made a two, when Lillywhite proved too much for him, and four wickets were now down for 35 runs. Mr. A. Mynn, another "great gun," joined Mr. Taylor, but he missed fire, for Lillywhite sent his balls flying, without troubling the scorers; five wickets down, and the runs in *statu quo*. Box became next, and led off with a two to the leg from Lillywhite, but in the next over Mr. Taylor got his leg before his wicket from Lillywhite; six wickets down and 37 runs. Dakin faced Box, and first placed a single to the score. Box made another two from Hillyer, but in the next over Dakin took liberties, got off his ground, and Wenman stumped him from Hillyer; seven wickets down and 47 runs. C. G. Whittaker, Esq., then took in his bat, but Hillyer disposed of him the first ball, which made way for Clarke, who was caught out by Hillyer, from his own bowling, without scoring.—Dean was the last of the side, and Wenman caught him behind the wicket from Hillyer, Box bringing out his bat with three twos to his name. The last three wickets fell without a run, and only 47 was scored in this innings, Mr. Felix's Side being in a minority of 57.

Pilch's Side began their second innings by sending in Martingell and Dorrington, and the latter was run out without scoring, and Hillyer was called for. Martingell commenced with two singles, but Hillyer was soon caught from Clarke by Mr. Whittaker, and this concluded the first day's play, there being two wickets down for 2 runs.

**Second Day.**—Mr. Napper joined Martingell, and Clarke and Mynn bowled. Mr. Napper led off with a two to the leg from Clarke the first ball, and Martingell got one the first ball from Mynn, as did Mr. Napper to the leg, but he was nearly run out; the ball was overthrown and he got three for it. Mr. Napper drew Mynn to the leg for three, and Martingell made a beautiful cut for three from Mynn, but shortly afterwards was run out; three wickets down and 18 runs. Pilch filled Martingell's place, and at this time Mr. Napper was playing splendidly, making twos and threes. Pilch added a one to the score, and followed it up with a two, and some remarkably fine play was exhibited for a long time, Pilch getting ones steadily, and Mr. Napper making fine cuts and leg hits. At last Mr. Mynn rattled down Mr. Napper's stumps, the ball hitting his leg first; four wickets down and 44 runs. Bushby faced Pilch, and the latter sent Clarke away to the leg for three. Several overs were now bowled and no runs obtained. Bushby began with a two to the leg from Mynn, and the play went on steadily for a time, when a change in the bowling took place. Dakin going on at Clarke's end. Pilch then made a draw to the leg for one, and two in the slip from Mynn, and Dean took up the bowling at Mynn's end. Bushby made a cut for three [cheers], and the play at this time was all that could be desired. Mr. Taylor, who went on to bowl at Dean's end, sent Bushby to the right about, but the ball hit his leg first; five wickets down and 77 runs. Wenman filled the vacancy, and several overs were delivered without scoring. At length Wenman made a three to the off from Mr. Taylor, and in the next over Wenman sent Dakin away for four, but the succeeding ball Dakin got into Wenman's wicket; six wickets, and 86 runs. Lillywhite was then called on to aid Pilch, and after scoring a two in the slip from Mr. Taylor, Box caught him from that gentleman, Pilch in the interim getting singles; seven wickets down and 91 runs. The players then retired to dinner, after which Sewell became Pilch's coadjutor, but Mynn sent him back again without altering the score; eight wickets down and the runs the same. Mr. R. Kynaston took Sewell's place, and was treated in the same unceremonious manner by Dakin; nine wickets down and 94 runs. On Mr. Haygarth taking his station, Pilch made two threes following, and Haygarth a single. Pilch scored two singles, when Clarke took up the bowling again, and Mr. Whittaker caught Mr. Haygarth from Clarke, Pilch bringing out his bat with 31 on the score, consisting of three threes, two twos, and singles. This innings amounted to 105, leaving Mr. Felix's side 162 runs to get.

They sent in Box and G. Parr to the bowling of Lillywhite and Hillyer. Box commenced with a single and followed it up with a two. Parr began with two twos, [cheers], and afterwards Lillywhite missed Parr in the slip. The play went on for some time, both playing beautifully, getting ones and twos, when Box drove Lillywhite forward for five [cheers], and a change in the bowling took place, Martingell going on at Lillywhite's end, and Bushby at Hillyer's, but without success, ones and twos being the 'order of the day.' Lillywhite took up the bowling again, and soon got one into Box's wicket, the ball being played on it; 59 runs, and only one wicket down, Box having scored 23 by a five, a four, three twos, and singles. The Hon. Captain Liddell occupied the vacant post, which Box had so admirably held, and led off with a two, and Parr followed suit. The Captain made one more, when a ball from Lillywhite glanced off the Captain's leg and lowered the wicket; two wickets down and 65 runs. Mr. Felix joined Parr, and after playing several balls, drove Lillywhite forward for three. Nothing could be finer than the play, and as the hits, ones and twos, were made by both, "beautiful!" "beautiful!" was the general exclamation. They ran the score before the third wicket was lowered up to 97, and then Hillyer got a ball into Mr. Felix's wicket. Guy came next, but Lillywhite sent him back; the ball hit his leg first. Thus finished the second day's play.

**Third Day.**—Mr. C. Taylor faced Parr, and the bowlers, Lillywhite and Hillyer, now seemed determined to bring all their energies into play.—Mr. Taylor, however, added a two to the score from Hillyer, and Parr played Lillywhite's over beautifully, but the next over Mr. Taylor was caught at the point by Bushby from Hillyer; five wickets down and 100 runs. Mr. A. Mynn took Mr. Taylor's place, and began with a single from Hillyer, but in the next over Lillywhite sent him a rattler, and away went his stumps [cheers]; six wickets and 101 runs. Dakin faced Parr, and the second ball from Lillywhite he hit his own wicket down; seven wickets lowered and the score unaltered. Clarke then showed, and in the next over Lillywhite caught Parr in the slip from Hillyer, after he had scored 69 in splendid style, for which he was rewarded as mentioned above; eight wickets down and no addition to the score. Dean joined Clarke, and commenced with a single, and Clarke with two singles, which he followed up with a two, and then drove Lillywhite forward for a four [cheers]. Some fine play took place between Dean and Clarke, the latter getting runs, and Dean putting the bowling down, although Dean made two more singles, when he over-



played a ball from Lillywhite, which sent down his wicket; nine wickets and 135 runs. Mr. G. Whittaker was the last to join Clarke, when Clarke made a splendid hit to the leg from Lillywhite for three [cheers], but the next over Lillywhite sent Mr. Whittaker's near stump down, Clarke bringing out his bat with 23 to his name, including one four, one three, five twos, and singles, Pilch's Side thus winning, after one of the finest matches ever witnessed, by 34 runs. The following is the score:—

## PILCH'S SIDE.

FIRST INNINGS.		SECOND INNINGS.	
Hillyer, b. Dean	4	c. Whittaker, b. Clarke	0
Lillywhite, c. Liddell, b. Dean	9	c. Box, b. Taylor	2
Dorrington, b. Dean	7	run out	0
Pilch, c. Dakin, b. Dean	5	not out	31
Bushby, c. Guy, b. Mynn	17	b. Taylor	11
Martingell, c. Dakin, b. Dean	7	run out	9
Wenman, b. Mynn	5	b. Dakin	7
c. Guy, b. Mynn	5	b. Mynn	0
R. Kynaston, Esq., b. Dean	0	b. Dakin	0
E. Napper, Esq., not out	25	b. Mynn	27
A. Haygarth, Esq., c. Taylor, b. Clarke	7	c. Whittaker, b. Clarke	1
Byes 9, wide ball (Mynn)	10	Byes 15, wide balls 2	17
Total	104	Total	105

## FELIX'S SIDE.

FIRST INNINGS.		SECOND INNINGS.	
G. Parr, st. Wenman, b. Hillyer	11	c. Lillywhite, b. Hillyer	59
Hon. Capt. Liddell, c. Hillyer, b. Lillywhite	7	b. Lillywhite	3
Guy, b. Lillywhite	3	b. Lillywhite	0
N. Felix, Esq., b. Lillywhite	6	b. Hillyer	10
C. G. Taylor, Esq., l. b. w., b. Lillywhite	4	c. Bushby, b. Hillyer	2
A. Mynn, Esq., b. Lillywhite	0	b. Lillywhite	1
Box, not out	6	b. Lillywhite	23
Dakin, st. Wenman, b. Hillyer	2	hit wicket, b. Lillywhite	0
C. G. Whittaker, Esq., b. Hillyer	0	b. Lillywhite	0
Clarke, c. and b. Hillyer	0	not out	23
Dean, c. Wenman	0	b. Lillywhite	4
Byes 7, wide balls 0	7	Byes 3, wide balls 0	3
Total	47	Total	125

Bell's Life of June 7th.

## PROMOTIONS AND EXCHANGES.

WAR-OFFICE, June 9.—4th Light Drags: Lieut. R. Portal to be Capt. by pur. v. Magan, who rets.; Cor. H. D. Slade to be Lieut. by pur. v. Portal; C. Brandreth, Gent., to be Cor. by pur. v. Slade.—6th Drags: Capt. W. Arkwright to be Maj. by pur. v. the Hon. H. Crichton, who rets.; Lieut. W. H. Carroll to be Capt. by pur. v. Arkwright; Cor. Sir W. C. Morshead, Bart., to be Lieut. by pur. v. Carroll; Cor. R. G. Manley, Gent., to be Cor. by pur. v. Sir W. C. Morshead.—11th Light Drags: Lieut. and Capt. R. P. Dawson, from 1st Lt. Grds., to be Capt. v. Tynte, who exchs.—15th Light Drags: Lieut. J. T. Waller, from 16th Light Drags, to be Lieut. v. Blandy, who exchs.—16th Light Drags: Lieut. A. Blandy, from 15th Light Drags, to be Lieut. v. Waller, who exchs.—1st Lt. Grds.: Capt. C. K. K. Tynte, from 11th Light Drags, to be Lieut. and Capt. v. Dawson, who exchs.—2d Lt.: Lieut. D. W. G. James to be Capt. by pur. v. Wingate, who rets.; Ens. H. E. Redmond to be Lieut. by pur. v. James; C. Squire, Gent., to be Ens. by pur. v. Redmond.—6th Lt.: Lieut. D. F. Ogilby to be Capt. by pur. v. Reed, who rets.; Ens. W. E. Robertson to be Lieut. by pur. v. Ogilby; Ens. H. P. Gore to be Lieut. by pur. v. Blaydes, who rets.; F. W. Gore, Gent., to be Ens. by pur. v. Robertson; R. P. Norris, Gent., to be Ens. by pur. v. Gore.—11th Lt.: Surg. A. West, M.D., from 99th Ft., to be Surg. v. Hadley, who exchanges.—14th Foot: W. Lloyd, Gent., to be Assistant-Surgeon, vice Teifer, promoted on the Staff.—20th Ft.—Maj. G. Minter from h.-p. unattached to be Maj. v. C. Smith who exchs.; Capt. L. D. Gordon to be Maj. by pur. v. Minter who rets.; Lt. W. Baring to be Capt. by pur. v. Gordon; En. A. Beatty to be Lt. by pur. v. Baring; S. D'Arcy Kelly, Gent. to be Ensign by pur. v. Beatty.—25th Ft.: En. Sir R. Barclay, Bart. to be Lt. without pur. v. Pinder, dec.; Gent. Cadet the Hon. H. Wrottesley, from the Royal Mil. Coll. to be En. v. Dowson, from 29th Ft.; Gent. Cadet A. H. Dickinson, from the Royal Mil. Coll. to be En. v. Sir R. Barclay; J. H. Cumming Gent. to be En. by pur. v. Wrottesley apptd. to the 43d Ft.—29th Ft.: Capt. H. H. Kitchener to be Major without pur. v. Barr died of his wounds; Lt. F. Coventry to be Capt. v. Kitchener; En. C. S. Dowson from the 25th Ft. to be Lt. v. Coventry.—35th Ft.: En. C. Russell to be Lt. by pur. v. Henry, who rets.; F. L. Digby Gent. to be En. by pur. v. Russell.—38th Ft.: En. G. Hume to be Lt. by pur. v. Hurty, who rets.; L. H. Daniel Gent. to be En. by pur. v. Hume.—39th Ft.: Maj. E. Bond from the 53d Ft. to be Major v. Havelock who exchs.; Gent. Cadet W. H. Wilson, from the Royal Mil. Coll. to be En. v. Fitzgerald, from the 62d Ft.—3d Lt.: Lieut. O. A. Ormsby Gore to be Capt. by pur. vice Coulson, who rets.; Ensign and Adj. James Wasp to have the rank of Lieutenant; Ensign Francis Hutchinson Syngé to be Lieutenant by purchase vice Ormsby Gore; Ensign the Hon. Henry Wrottesley from the 25th Foot to be En. vice Syngé.—49th Ft.—Lt. W. H. C. Baddeley to be Capt. by pur. v. Chalmers, who rets.; En. F. J. Bampfyld to be Lt. v. Baddeley; T. E. Platt, Gent. to be Ensign by pur. v. Bampfyld.—53d Ft.—Brevet Lt.-Col. H. Havelock from the 39th Foot, to be Major, who exchs.—62d Ft.—Ens J. R. S. Fitzgerald, from the 39th Ft., to be Lt. without pur. v. Richards, dec.—70th Ft.—Ens J. M. Buchanan to be Lt. by pur. v. Doveton, who rets.; E. Wilson, Gent. to be Ensign by pur. v. Buchanan.—74th Ft.—Gent. Cadet H. Carey, from the Royal Mil. Coll. to be Ens. without pur. v. Ord, whose appointment has been cancelled.—78th Ft.—Lt. T. J. Reeve to be Capt. by pur. v. Napier, who rets.; Ensign W. McCormick Fairrie to be Lt. by pur. v. Reeve; A. Maitland, Gent. to be Ens. by pur. v. Fairrie.—92d Ft.—Lt. A. H. Tattnall to be Capt. by pur. v. Ormsby, who rets.; Ens R. W. Duff to be Lt. by pur. v. Tattnall; T. R. Gilles, Gent. to be Ens. by pur. vice Duff.—97th Ft.—Ens W. G. Bindon to be Lt. by pur. v. Loftus, appointed to the 10th Light Drags; Gent. Cadet F. W. Bannatyne, from the Royal Mil. Coll. to be Ens. by pur. v. Bindon.—99th Ft.—Surg. H. Hadley, M. D., from the 11th Ft. to be Surg. v. West, who exchanges. Royal Newfoundland Companies—Lt. W. G. Bindon, from the 97th Ft. to be Lt. v. Hunt, prom. Hospital Staff—Assist.-Surg. J. T. Telfer, from the 14th Ft., to be Staff Surg. of the Second Class, v. Robertson, app to the 6th Ft.

Memorandum.—The Christian names of Ensign Eden, of the 56th Foot, are Morton Robert, and not Robert Morton, as previously stated. The Christian names of Lieut. Bellairs, of the 74th Foot, are Edmund Hooke Wilson. The Christian name of Ensign Bellairs, of the 49th Foot, is William, only. The Christian names of Ensign Quill, of the 35th Foot, are Henry Francis. 2d W. I. Regt.: For Ens. R. A. Dagg to be Lieut. without pur. v. A. J. Macpherson, app. to the 24th Foot, read Ens. R. A. Dagg, to be Lieut. v. Miller, prom.; for Ens. R. C. D. Bruce, to be Lieut. v. Miller, prom., read Ens. R. C. D. Bruce, to be Lieut. v. A. J. Macpherson, app. to the 24th Ft.

OFFICE OF ORDNANCE, June 5.—Royal Regt. of Art.: First Lieut. W. Swinton, to be Sec. Capt. v. Harvey, rets. on h.-p.; Sec. Lieut. W. H. Moody to be First Lieut., v. Swinton.

June 8.—Sec. Lieut. W. N. Hardy to be First Lieut. v. Atkinson, dec. The dates of promotion of the undermentioned officers have been altered, as follows: Lieut. W. E. M. Reilly, April 3, 1846; Lieut. W. B. Saunders, April 6, 1846; Lieut. H. T. Fitzhugh, April 13, 1846; Lieut. W. H. Moody, May 4, 1846.

WAR-OFFICE, June 12.—5th Drag. Grds.: G. Duckworth, Gent. to be Cornet by pur. v. the Hon. W. F. Scarlett, app. to the Scots Fusilier Grds. 6th Drag. Grds.: Capt. C. Sawyer, from 3d Lt. to be Capt., v. Pryse, who exchs. 2d Drags: Lieut. G. Reid, to be Capt. without pur. v. Campbell, dec. 9th Light Drags: Lieut. H. Nelthorpe, from 75th Ft., to be Lieut. v. Studdert, who exchs. 13th Light Drags: Lt. A. Denny, from 71st Ft. to be Lt. v. Domville, who exchs. Coldstream Regt. of Ft. Grds.: Capt. W. Baring, from 20th Ft. to be Lt. and Capt. v. Kirkland, who exchs.—Scots Fusilier Grds.: Ens. and Lt. Lord Gerald Fitzgerald to be Lt. and Capt. by pur. v. Bvt. Maj. Gage, who rets.; Corn. the Hon. W. F. Scarlett, from 5th Drag. Grds. to be Ens. and Lt. by pur. v. Lord G. Fitzgerald.—3d Regt. of Ft.: Capt. E. L. Pryse, from 6th Drag. Grds. to be Capt. v. Sawyer, who exchs.—4th Ft.: Ens. G. H. Twemlow to be Lt. par. v. Gibson, who rets.; F. E. Maunsell, Gent. to be Ens. by pur. v. Twemlow.—6th Ft.: H. V. Bindon, Gent. to be Assist. Surg.—20th Ft.: Lt. and Capt. J. A. V. Cirkland, from the Coldstream Ft. Grds. to be Capt. v. Baring, who exchs.; Capt. E. L. Knight, from 1st W. I. Regt. to be Capt. v. Powell who exchs.—32d Ft.: Lt. S. Reed, h.-p. 40th Ft. to be Lt. v. R. Souther, who exchs.; Ens. C. Clapcott, to be Lt. by pur. v. Vavasour, who rets.; C. F. Stewart, Gent. to be Ens. by pur. v. Clapcott.—45th Ft.: Ens. C. D. Cameron, from 69th Ft. to be Ens. v. Morley, dec.—54th Ft.: Lt. L. E. Wood, to be Capt. without pur. v. Mostyn, dec.; Ens. J. S. Thomson, to be Adj. v. Wood; Colour-Serg. W. Marriott to be Ens. without purchase, vice Thomson, appointed Adj.—64th Ft.: Lt. W. H. Candler, from 80th Ft. to be Lt. v. Dunn, who exchs. 69th Ft.—Gent. Cadet F. G. Blood, from the Ryl. Mil. Coll. to be Ens. without pur. v. Cameron, app. to the 45th Ft. 71st Ft.—Lt. C. C. W. Domville, from 13th Lt. Drags. to be Lt. v. Denny, who ex. 75th Ft.—Lt. C. F. Studdert, from 9th Lt. Drags. to be Lt. v. Nelthorpe, who ex. 78th Ft.—Ens. W. C. Rose, to be Lt. by pur. v. Davidson, who ret.; D. Stuart, Gent. to be Ens. by pur. v. Rose. 80th Ft.—Lt. W. C. Dunn, from 46th Ft. to be Lt. v. Candler who ex. 88th Ft.—Assist.-Surg. J. G. P. Moore, from 97th Ft. to be Surg. v. A. J. N. Connell, M. D. who rets. upon h.-p. 93d Ft.—Gent. Cadet E. B. Thorp, from Ryl. Mil. Coll. to be Ens. without pur. v. Barclay, decs. 97th Ft.—Sergeant-Major J. Desmond, to be Quartermaster, v. J. Sleator, who rets. upon h.-p.; C. V. Cay, Gent. to be Assist.-Surg. v. Moore, prom. in 88th Ft. 1st West India Regt.—Capt. J. Powell, from 20th Ft. to be Capt. v. Knight, who ex. Hospital Staff—A. R. Ridgway, M. B. to be Assist.-Surg. to the Forces, v. Mostyn, app. to the 6th Ft. Memorandum.—The Christian names of Capt. Sheerman, 62d Ft. are Robert Ambrose.

OFFICE OF ORDNANCE, June 10.—Royal Regt. of Artillery—Major-General F. Walker, to be Col.-Commandant, v. Fyfe, decs.

## OUR NEW PLATE.

We are happy to announce that our new plate of "THE ARMY AND THE NAVY," containing authentic Portraits of the great Commanders Wellington and Nelson, the two great pillars of their respective services, is now in the hands of the Plate Printer. From its great size, it is not possible to get more than eighteen or twenty per diem off the press; but as soon as a sufficient number shall be in hand to enable us to proceed with the delivery without halting we shall do so. The Plate being a STEEL ONE, enables us to assure our Subscribers that many thousand copies may be taken off without the least sensible deterioration of effect, and all may confide that their copies shall be of unexceptionable clearness.

## TO BOSTON, VIA NEWPORT &amp; PROVIDENCE DIRECT.

The well-known and popular steamers MASSACHUSETTS and RHODE ISLAND, of 1000 tons each, built expressly for Long Island Sound, and by their construction, great strength, and powerful engines, are especially adapted to its navigation, now leave each place regularly every afternoon except Sunday.

Passengers from Boston in the Mail Train take the steamer at Providence about 6 o'clock, P. M., and arrive in New York early the following morning. Those from New York leave Pier No. 1, Battery Place, at 5 P.M., reach Providence also early the next morning, and proceed in the Morning Train for Boston, after a comfortable night's rest on board the Steamer, (in private state rooms if desired), without either of Ferry or of being disturbed at Midnight to change from Boats to Cars, an annoyance so much complained of, especially by Ladies and Families travelling in other lines between New York and Boston.

The RHODE ISLAND, Capt. Winchester, leaves New York on Monday, Wednesday, and Friday.

The MASSACHUSETTS, Capt. Potter, leaves New York on Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday.

The Boats, going and returning, will land at Newport, and this is now found to be the cheapest, most convenient, and expeditious route for Fall River, Taunton, and New Bedford passengers.

For Passage, Berths, State Rooms, or Freight, application may be made in Boston, at Redding & Co., No. 8 State Street, and at the Depot of the Boston and Providence Railroad. In Providence, to the Agent at the Depot at India Point, and in New York of the Agents on the Wharf, and at the Office of the Company, No. 10 Battery Place.

J. T. Williston.

## J. T. WILLISTON,

DEALER IN WATCHES, (wholesale and retail),

No. 1 Cortlandt-st., (UP STAIRS), Cor. Broadway, New York.

ALL Watches sold at this establishment, warranted to perform well, or the money refunded. Watches, Clocks, Musical Boxes, and Jewelry, repaired in the best manner at the lowest prices. Arrangements have been made with Mr. Wm. A. Gamble, whose reputation as watch repairer is unsurpassed, having been engaged for nine years in the most celebrated manufactories in Europe, enables him to repair the most complicated work that can be produced.

Trade work promptly done on reasonable terms.

J. T. WILLISTON,  
Nov. 8-19. No. 1 Cortlandt-st., Up Stairs.

LAP-WELDED  
BOILER FLUES,

16 FEET LONG, AND FROM 1 1/2 INCHES TO 5 INCHES DIAMETER,  
Can be obtained only of the Patentee,

THOS. PROSSER,  
28 Platt Street, N.Y.

